

THUNDER

READ IT...and you'll be THUNDER-STRUCK!

8d 3½
NEW PENCE

FAMOUS FIRSTS

MANY PEOPLE WERE EXPERIMENTING WITH BALLOONS AND AIRSHIPS AT THE START OF THIS CENTURY. BUT IT WAS A BRAZILIAN LIVING IN PARIS, ALBERTO SANTOS-DUMONT, WHO MADE THE FIRST SPECTACULAR CONTROLLED FLIGHT IN AN AIRSHIP IN 1901. HE FLEW FROM A PARISIAN SUBURB, TO CIRCLE ROUND THE EIFFEL TOWER, AND RETURN TO HIS POINT OF DEPARTURE... 9½ MILES IN HALF AN HOUR!

THE GERMAN INVENTOR, COUNT VON ZEPPELIN, WAS THE MOST FAMOUS OF THE AIRSHIP BUILDERS. BUT HIS MASTERPIECE, THE GIANT **HINDENBURG**, 811 FEET LONG AND WEIGHING 220 TONS, CAME TO A TRAGIC END AFTER A TRANS-ATLANTIC VOYAGE IN MAY, 1937. AS IT APPROACHED ITS MOORINGS AT LAKEHURST, NEW JERSEY, THE AIRSHIP CRASHED IN FLAMES, KILLING 36 PEOPLE. THE LARGEST AIRSHIP EVER BUILT, THE **HINDENBURG** HAD A MAXIMUM SPEED OF 84 M.P.H.

A WHOLE SQUADRON DESTROYED BY THE BARON'S PLANES!



BLACK MAX

WHEN GERMAN WORLD WAR ONE AIR ACE, BARON MAXIMILIEN VON KLORR, KNOWN AS **BLACK MAX**, RETURNED TO THE WESTERN FRONT, HE BROUGHT WITH HIM A NIGHTMARISH GIANT BAT, TRAINED TO TEAR BRITISH PLANES FROM THE SKY. TIM WILSON OF THE ROYAL FLYING CORPS DISCOVERED BLACK MAX'S SECRET - ALTHOUGH HIS C.O. DID NOT BELIEVE HIM - AND HAD FORCED THE GERMAN ACE TO ABANDON HIS KILLER-BAT'S HIDING PLACE...

THE BARON SAID THAT ANYONE GOING NEAR THAT TRIPLANE WILL BE SHOT!

I WOULDN'T GO NEAR IT FOR A FORTUNE! LOOK AT THE WAY THAT GUARD DOG'S HOWLING! AND THAT LINEARITY SOUND! WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?

THE ACE CALLED BLACK MAX KNEW WHAT IT WAS.

LISTEN TOTT! THE BAT'S BEEN CRAMPED UP FOR TWO HOURS INSIDE THAT PLANE'S COCKPIT. IT'S GOING MAD OUT THERE!

I KNOW, HERR BARON! BUT WHERE CAN WE TAKE IT?



BLACK MAX GLARED WITH HELPLESS RURY AT HIS SERVANT, MORG...

IF WE LEAVE IT INSIDE MY AIRCRAFT MUCH LONGER IT WILL SMASH ITSELF FREE!

HERR BARON! I THINK I HAVE THE ANSWER!



ABOUT THREE MILES AWAY THERE IS A DUGOUT! IT HASN'T BEEN USED FOR MONTHS. GIVE ME ONE HOUR, HERR BARON, AND I'LL HAVE EVERYTHING READY!

AND SO, EXACTLY ONE HOUR LATER, BLACK MAX HAD FLOWN HIS WEIRD PASSENGER TO ITS NEW HOME...



THE MONSTROUS WINGED KILLER SWOOPED TO THE DARKEST CORNER OF THE GLOOMY DUGOUT.



BETTER EVEN THAN THE GAVE, MORG! ARE YOU SURE NO ONE COMES HERE?

QUITE SURE, HERR BARON. NOR WILL THEY. FOR TWO GOOD REASONS!

THERE WAS A TERRIBLE BATTLE HERE, HERR BARON. ALL WERE WIPE-OUT. EVEN HERE ON THE WESTERN FRONT, MEN SAY THIS IS A HAUNTED PLACE!

GOOD! AND THE OTHER REASON, MORG?



THE OTHER REASON, HERR BARON, IS THAT I SHALL STAY HERE - ON GUARD!

SHOOT ANY TRESPASSER ON SIGHT! NOW I CAN PUT MY MIND TO ANOTHER URGENT MATTER!



A year is 365 days 5 hours 48 minutes 49 seconds and 7/10 second long.

LATER THAT MORNING...



GENTLEMEN, YOU LOOK UPON ME AS ONE WHO FLIES INTO BATTLE ALWAYS ALONE. BUT NOW I HAVE DECIDED TO LEAD YOU INTO BATTLE! TOGETHER, WE SHALL ATTACK AND DESTROY COMPLETELY... THE BRITISH FOURTEENTH SQUADRON!

NOT ONE OF HIS PILOTS GUESSED THE REAL REASON FOR THE RAID...



BUT WHY? WE COULD SUFFER MANY CASUALTIES. WHAT CAN BE THE REASON? WHAT IS IT HE HAS AGAINST THE FOURTEENTH?

NOT AGAINST THE WHOLE FOURTEENTH! JUST ONE MAN! THE PILOT WHO KNOWS THE SECRET OF THE BAT!

THAT ONE BRITISH PILOT WAS LIEUTENANT TIM WILSON, WHO AT THAT MOMENT WAS FLINCHING UNDER THE FURY OF HIS COMMANDING OFFICER, MAJOR 'GROUCHER' GROMETT...



NOT ONLY DID YOU FLY EVEN THOUGH I'D ORDERED YOU GROUNDED... BUT YOU DARED TO STEAL MY AIRCRAFT!

S-SIR, I HAD TO TRY AND DESTROY THE BAT! YOU CAME ALONG WHEN IT WAS ATTACKING ME, YOU MUST HAVE SEEN IT!



I SAW NOTHING BUT A GERMAN TRIPLANE WITH A BAT PAINTED ON IT! A TRIPLANE WHICH YOU FAILED TO SHOOT DOWN!

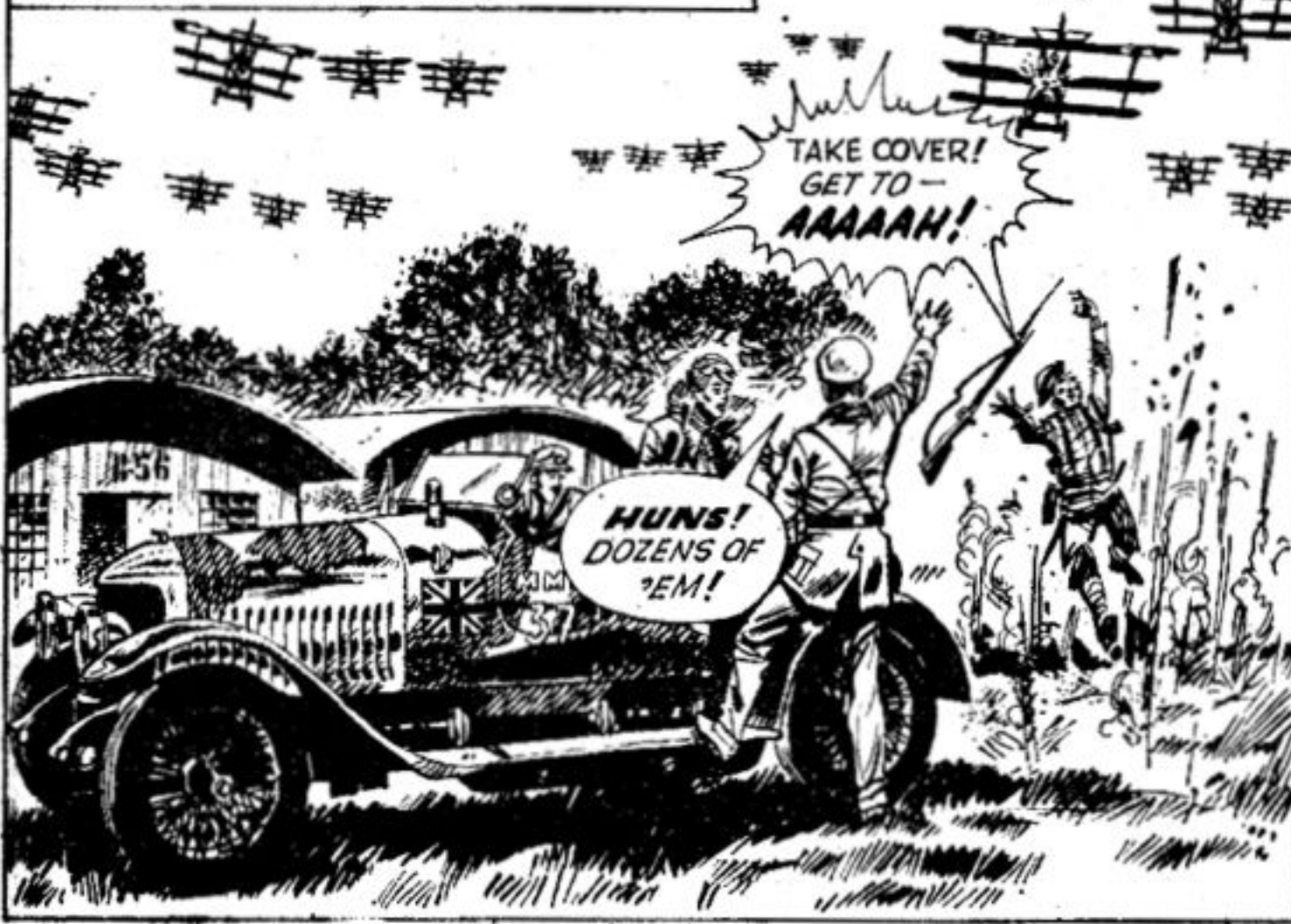
THAT'S NOT FAIR, SIR! MY GUNS JAMMED AND... OH, WHAT'S THE USE...!



QUITE RIGHT, WILSON. SUCH MISERABLE EXCUSES SERVE NO PURPOSE WHATSOEVER! YOU ARE TO BE ESCORTED AT ONCE TO COMMAND H.Q. ...THERE TO AWAIT COURT-MARTIAL!

THERE GOES MY R.F.C. CAREER. I DON'T SUPPOSE I'LL EVER FLY AGAIN!

BUT TIM'S GLOOMY PREDICTION WAS WRONG, FOR FIVE MINUTES LATER...



TAKE COVER! GET TO - AAAAAH!

HUNS! DOZENS OF 'EM!



SOME OF THE BLACK-CROSSED RAIDERS PEELED OFF TO RAKE THE PARKED SOPWITHS WITH HAILS OF SPANDAU LEAD...

TATATATA

TATATA-TAT

WRUMP



OTHERS KEPT THEIR SIGHTS ON THE SQUADRON BUILDINGS...

WE'VE GOT TO GET UP TO THEM! THEY'LL - UUUHH!

NO, SIR! KEEP DOWN! YOU CAN'T GET OUT THERE!



THEY'RE STOPPING US GETTING TO OUR PLANES!

WHAT PLANES? LOOK AT THEM!

AARGH! URGH!

CONTINUED OVERLEAF...

A hansom cab-driver was once fined for carrying 14 people in his cab.



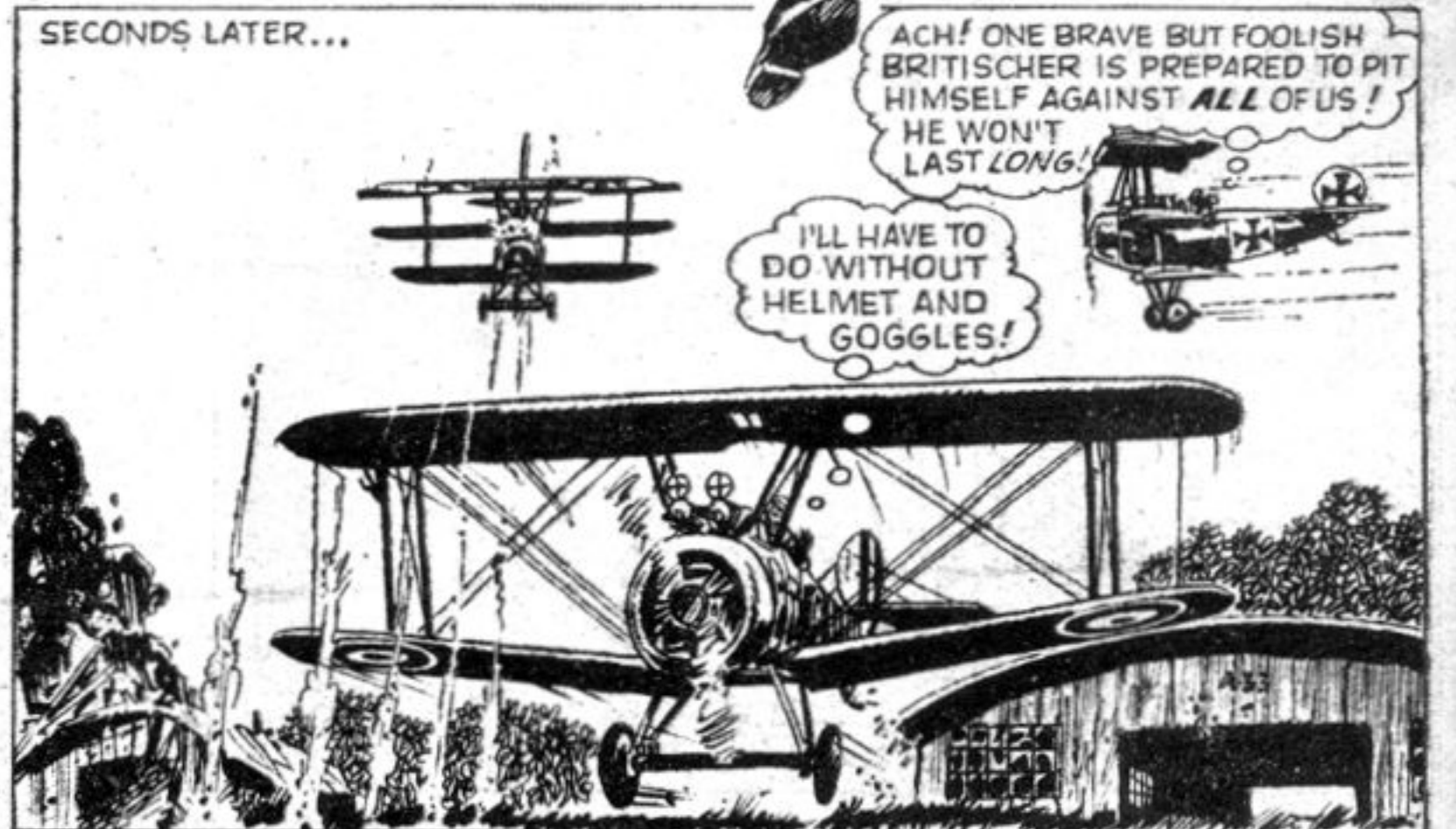
BEFORE ANYONE COULD STOP HIM...



TIM GAVE A GASP OF RELIEF WHEN HE SAW THAT THE REPAIR WORK HAD BEEN COMPLETED...



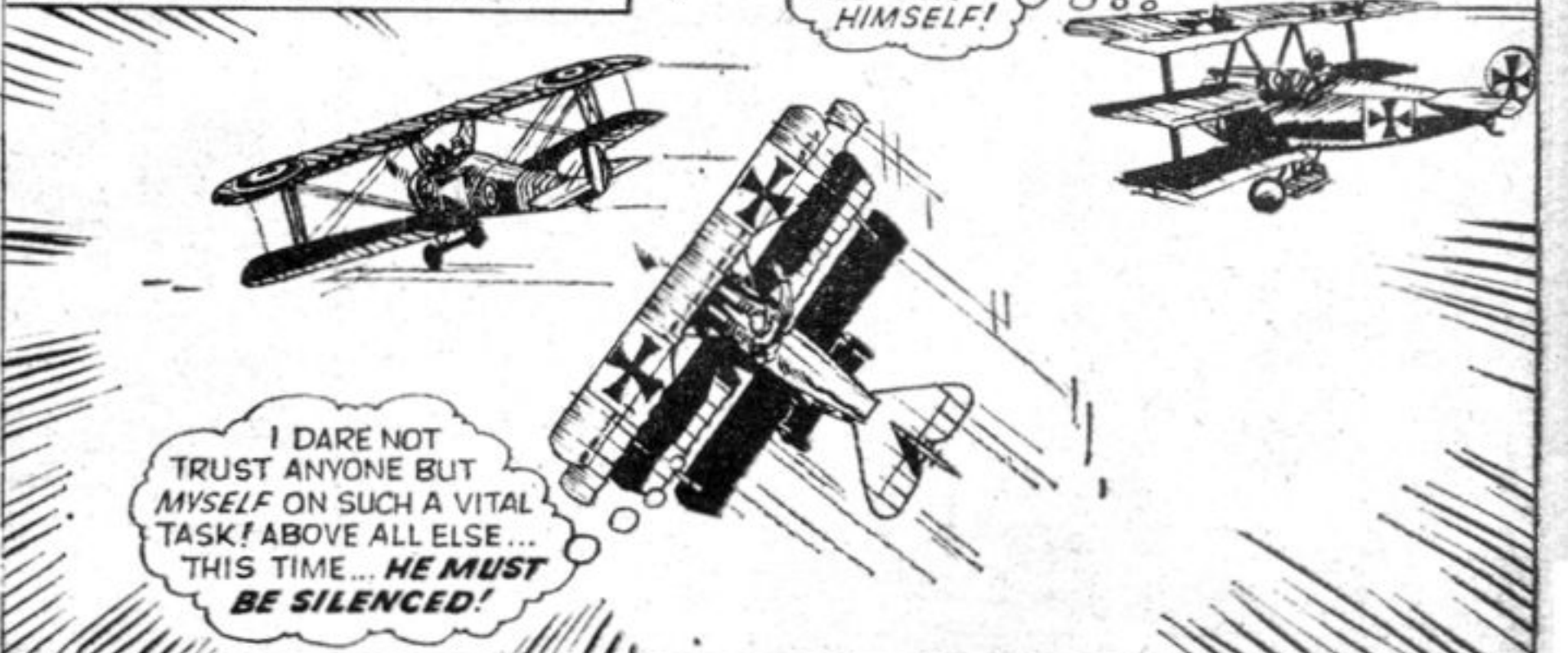
SECONDS LATER...



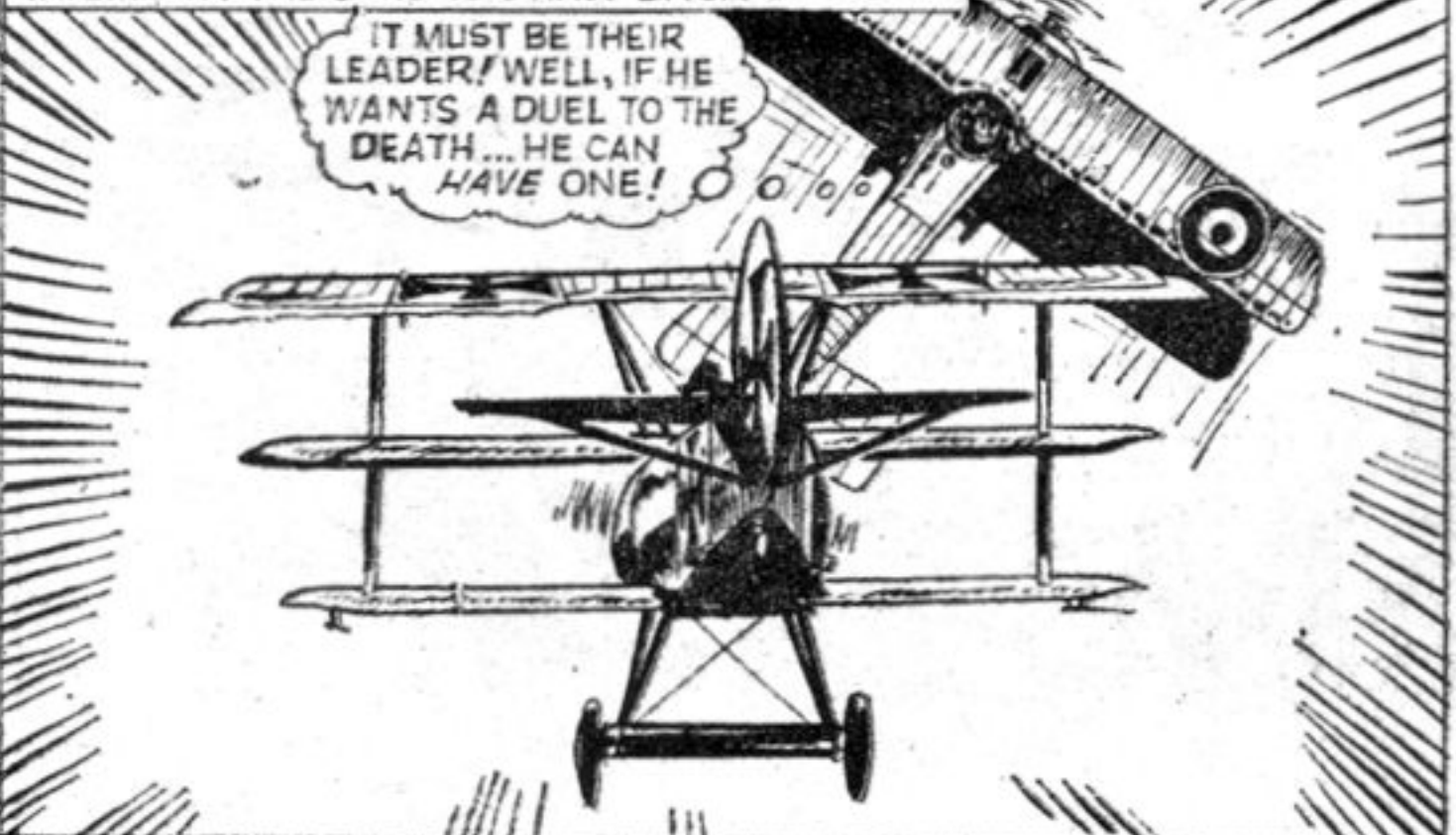
THEN 'BLACK' MAX, WHO WAS NOT FLYING HIS POWERFUL, SPECIALLY-BUILT TRIPLANE, SAW THE FACE OF THE CAMEL PILOT...



EAGERLY, BLACK MAX ZOOMED CLOSER, ONE BLACK-GLOVED HAND WAVING AWAY THE PILOT ON TIM'S TAIL...



TIM SAW THE ENEMY PLANE FASTEN ON TO HIS TAIL... SAW THE OTHERS DRAW BACK...



FLINGING THE MANOEUVRABLE CAMEL INTO A SCREAMING TURN, TIM STABBED AT THE TRIGGERS, BUT...



MORE THRILLS NEXT WEEK!

DOOMED NEVER TO DIE, HE WANDERED THE EARTH FOR CENTURIES ON END!



ADAM ETERNO

OWING TO A CURSE PUT ON HIM BY A 16th CENTURY ALCHEMIST, ADAM ETERNO HAD BEEN CONDEMNED TO LIVE FOREVER! IT WAS SAID THAT ONLY A WEAPON OF SOLID GOLD COULD KILL HIM. IN PRESENT-DAY LONDON, HE HAD BEEN KNOCKED DOWN BY A GOLD-PLATED CAR... AND FOUND HIMSELF IN A STRANGE, DREAMING, TIMELESS STATE, FROM WHICH HE EMERGED, AGAIN AND AGAIN, INTO PERIODS OF TIME THROUGH WHICH HE HAD ALREADY LIVED...

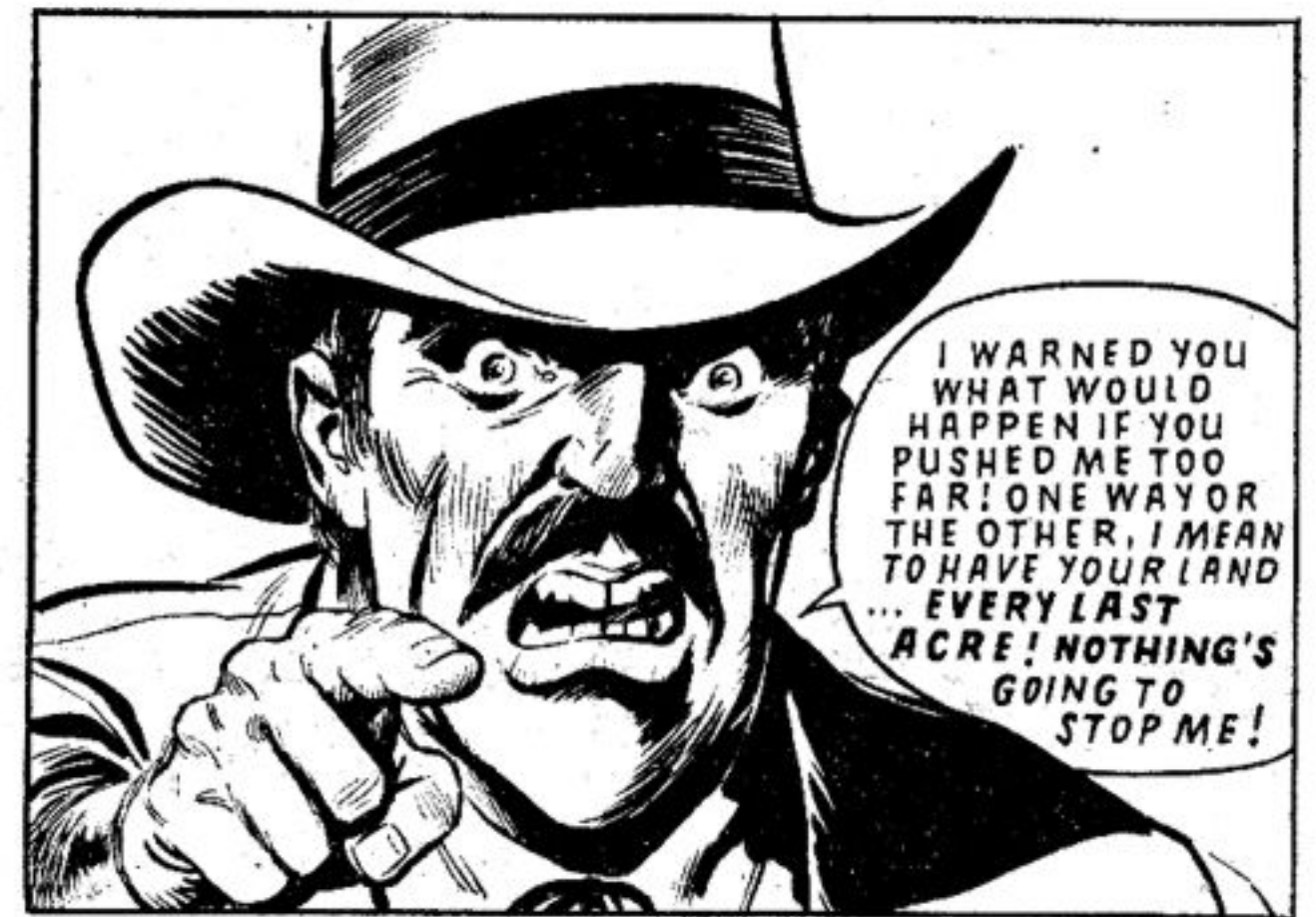
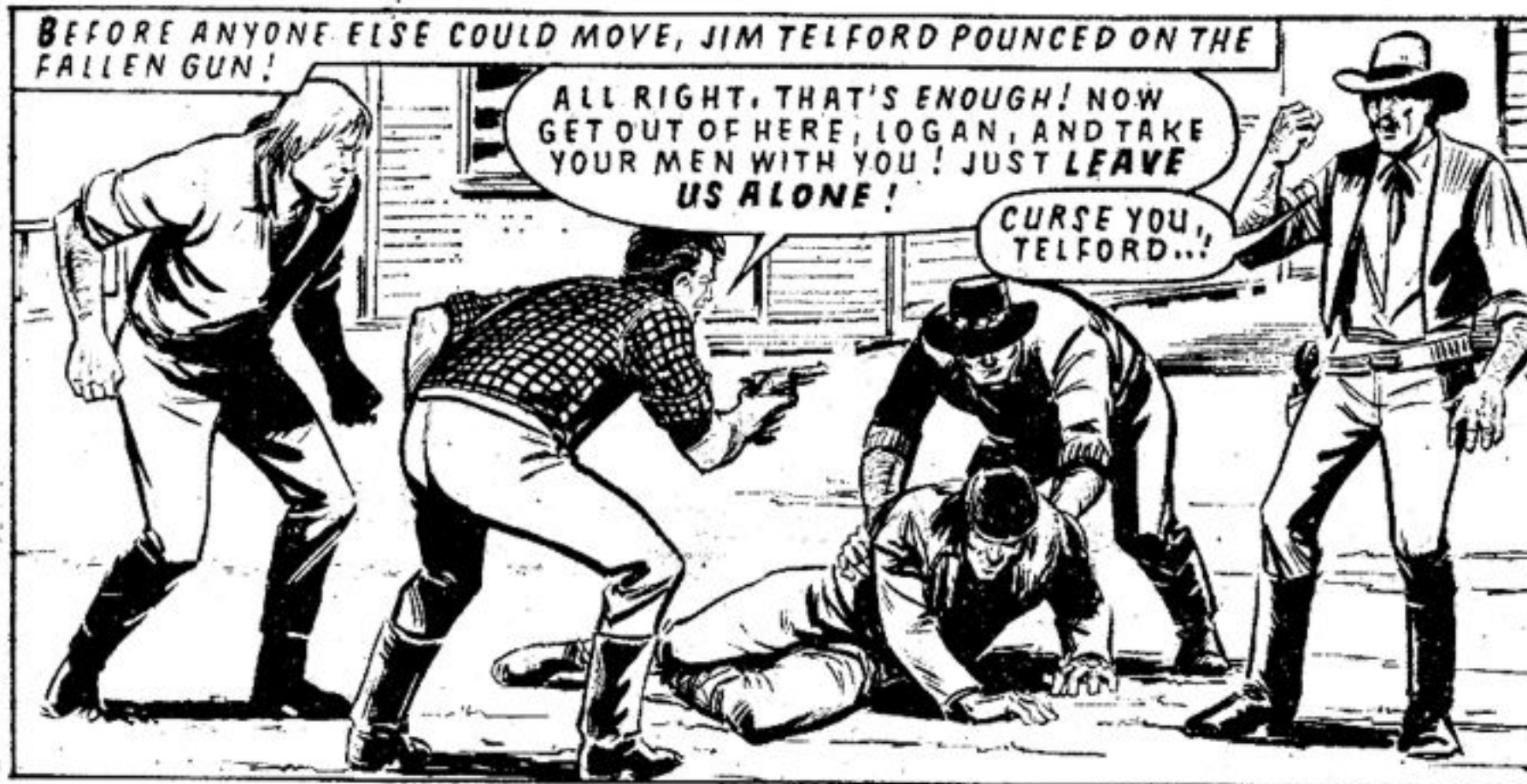


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A salmon swims faster than the average man can run.

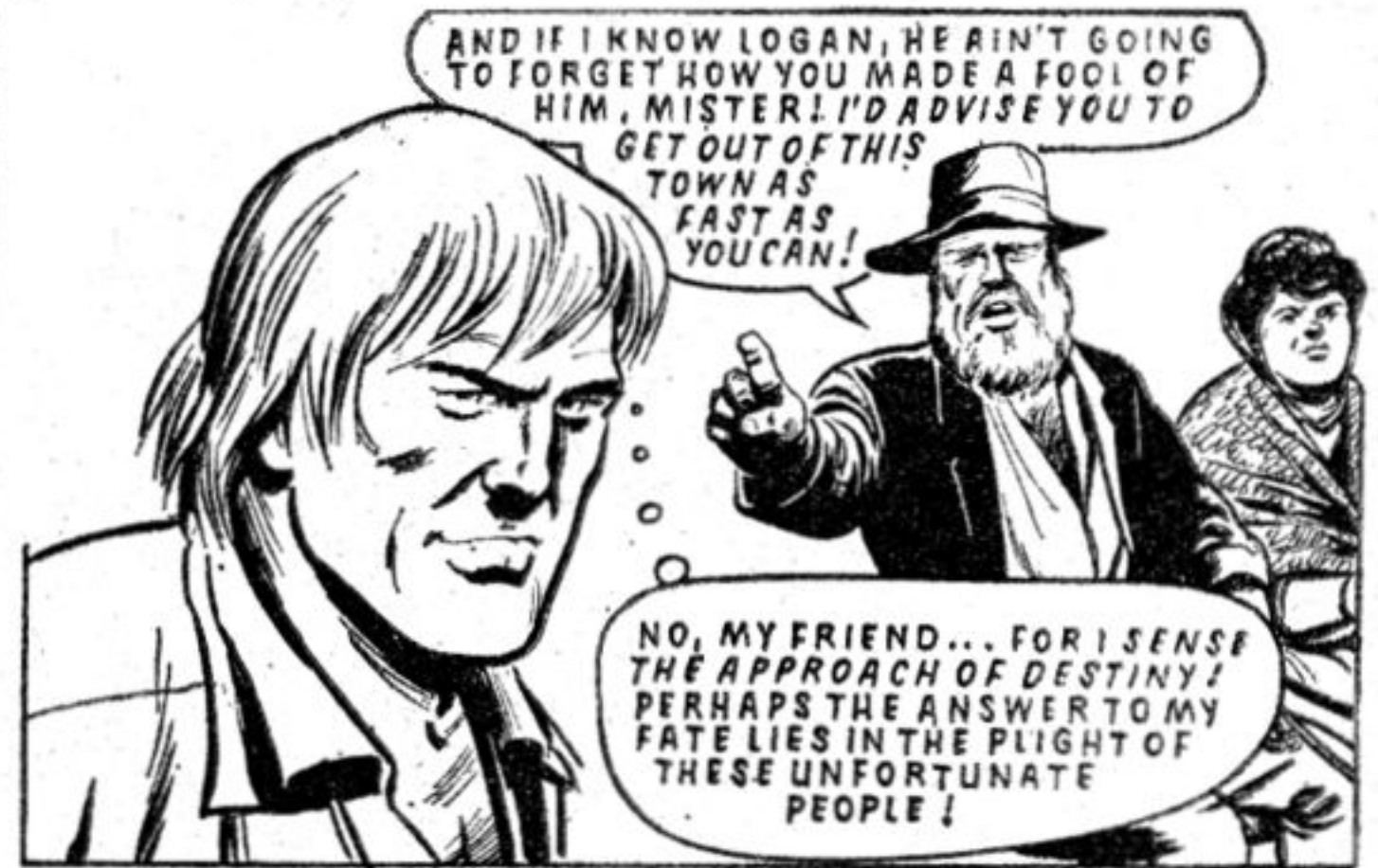


The most famous circus elephant in history, Jumbo, was killed by a train.



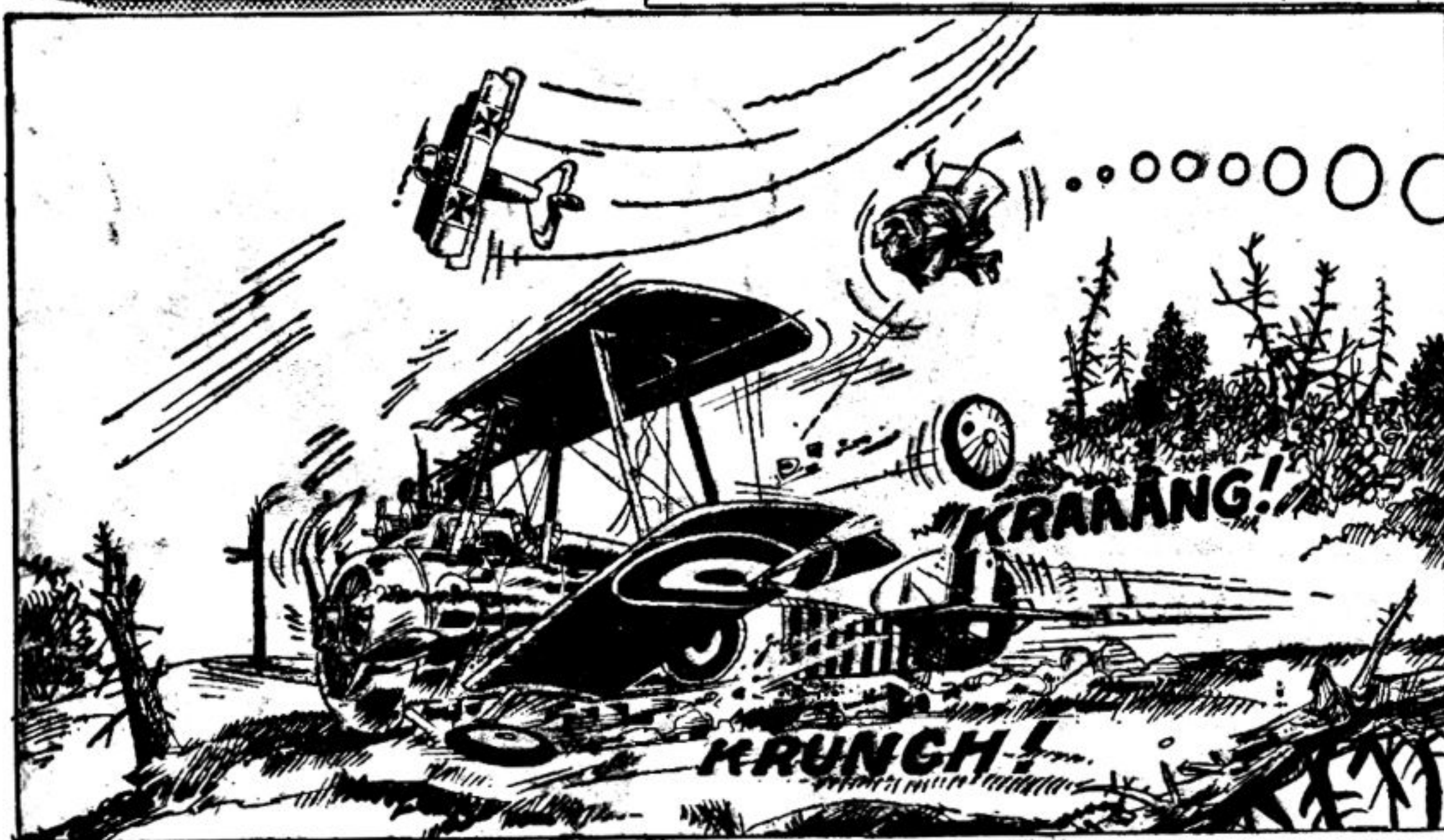
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In the inky-black waters of Kentucky underground rivers, fish have no eyes.



HERE'S A SNEAK PREVIEW OF THE FUTURE...

THAT'S TWO
OF THE GANG
OUT OF THE WAY,
KOKRI! BUT
WE'VE STILL
GOT TO SETTLE
WITH THEIR
LEADER, THE
DEADLY HOOD!



PHEW! LUCKY
I TRAINED AS A
CIRCUS
ACROBAT!
BUT EVEN THAT
MAY NOT BE
ENOUGH TO GET
ME OUT OF
THIS HOT-
SPOT!

IT'S ALL IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE OF...
THUNDER

ON SALE... SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14. 36 PAGES! 12 PAGES IN COLOUR! FIFTEEN FANTASTIC FEATURES!

THE PERIL OF BLACK BOG MOOR!

CLIFF HANGER



HIT THE ADVENTURE TRAIL WITH GLOBE-ROAMING CAPTAIN CLIFF HANGER AND HIS BLADE-THROWING GURKHA PAL, KUKRI! SHARE WITH THEM THEIR MOMENTS OF BREATHLESS PERIL! SEE IF YOU, TOO, CAN FIND A WAY OUT... WHEN ESCAPE SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE!

ALL DAY LONG, A WILD WINTER'S WIND HAD HOWLED LIKE A TORMENTED DEMON ACROSS THE DESOLATE TRACT OF UNTAMED LAND NAMED BLACK BOG MOOR...

BRR!
KUKRI COLD!
NOT LIKE THIS
PLACE, CAPTAIN
CLIFF!

BLACK
BOG MOOR'S NOT
TO YOUR TASTE, EH,
OLD FRIEND? NOR
MINE!



LOOK! TWO
SETS OF FOOTPRINTS!
SILAS SLINKER HAS BEEN
THIS WAY WITH HIS
SERVANT, MARGO!

WE
FOLLOW?
CATCH THEM?
TURN OVER TO
POLICE! BRRR...
GO AWAY FROM
THIS PLACE!

THEY FOLLOWED THE
FOOTPRINTS FOR JUST
A FEW YARDS, THEN
SUDDENLY...



KUKRI!
WE'RE IN THE
BLACK BOG!
CAN'T...PULL
FREE!

FOOTPRINTS
TRICK US. WE
WALK INTO
TRAP!

SLOWLY, THE QUAGMIRE
SUCKED THE STRUGGLING
ADVENTURERS DEEPER...



WE'RE
DONE FOR, UNLESS...
KUKRI, THAT OLD DEAD
TREE! SEE HOW IT'S BEEN
LOOSENED BY THE WIND?
WITH YOUR BLADE
AND ROPE...

KUKRI
UNDERSTAND,
CAPTAIN!



THEY TIED THE ROPE TO
KUKRI'S KNIFE, AND—

BLADE
DUG IN NICE
AND DEEP!

GOOD!
NOW... IF WE
BOTH PULL
HARD...



TWO STRONG HEAVES ON THE
ROPE, AND THE OLD TREE
FELL ACROSS THE BOG...

YOU
GO FIRST,
KUKRI...

O.K.,
CAPTAIN
CLIFF...

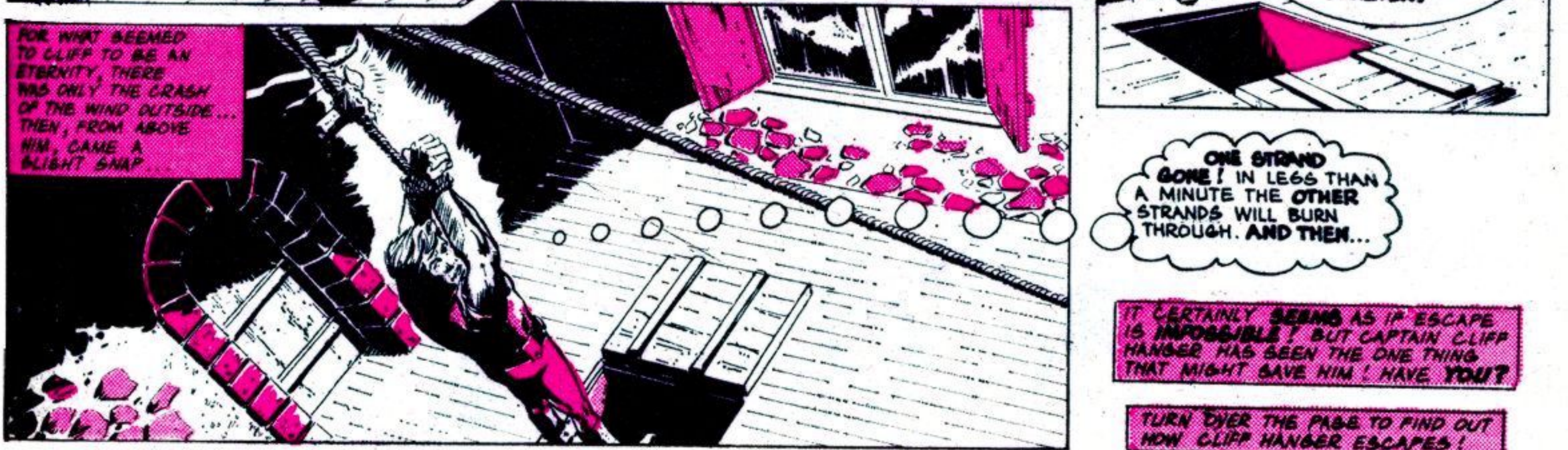
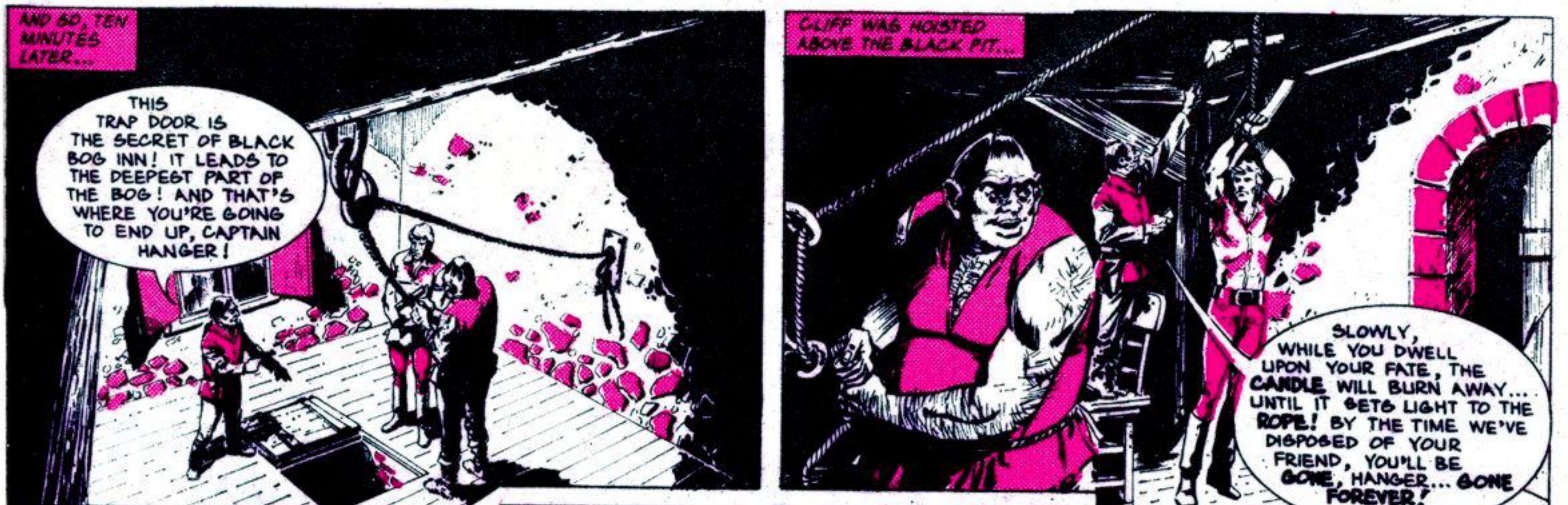
BUT AS THE GURKHA ADVENTURER REACHED
THE END OF THE FELLED TRUNK...



UNNH!

TREE'S
HALF SUNK
ALREADY! BUT
I SHOULD JUST
ABOUT MAKE
IT!

The tomato first reached Europe from South America in the 16th century.



A frog can only breathe with its mouth open.

SWIFTLY, CLIFF USED ONE FOOT TO LOOSEN A BOOT...



EASY DOES IT, THOUGH... OR IT'LL FALL INTO THAT PIT!

THEN CAME A POWERFUL KICK, AND...



COME ON IN, WIND! BLOW YOUR DARDEST! THE HARDER THE BETTER!

AT THAT MOMENT OUTSIDE THE INN, SLINKER ALMOST BELIEVED THAT HE WAS FACE-TO-FACE WITH A DEAD MAN...



GO NO FURTHER, EVIL ONES!

NOT DEAD YET! MORAG... KILL!

KUKRI'S BELOVED BLADE WHIRLED THROUGH THE AIR, TRIPPING THE GIANT MORAG AS HE CHARGED...



HE... HE'S FALLING... INTO THE BOG!

THE CANDLE WAS SNUFFED OUT BY THE RAGING WIND THAT SWEEPED THE EVIL ROOM, THEN...



NOW ALL I CAN DO IS DANGLE HERE... AND WAIT... AND HOPE!

NO CHANCE TO SAVE HIM. HE TOO BIG AND HEAVY! SINK TOO QUICKLY!

HE'S GONE UNDER! HE... SANK... LIKE A STONE!



AND SO, WHEN KUKRI HAD CUT CLIFF FREE, ANOTHER ADVENTURE CAME TO AN END...

EVIL ONES NOT SEE I LIE ON SOFT GROUND. TREE BRUISE BUT NOT CRUSH ME!

I THOUGHT AND HOPED IT WAS SO. BUT I DIDN'T DARE SAY ANYTHING! YOU WERE LUCKY, OLD FRIEND. BUT THEN IN OUR BUSINESS, BOTH OF US NEED TO BE!



MORE FROM CLIFF AND KUKRI NEXT WEEK!

FACE-TO-FACE WITH THE BRUTAL CIRCUS-BOSS!

Fury's Family



THE BOY CALLED FURY HAD ESCAPED WITH HIS ANIMAL FRIENDS FROM ARCHER SPANG, THE CALLOUS CIRCUS OWNER, AND HIDDEN IN A SECRET VALLEY DEEP IN THE MOUNTAINS. WHEN SPANG AND HIS RINGMASTER CAME AFTER HIM, FURY LED THEM OFF. HE WAS CLOSE TO CAPTURE WHEN A RESCUE BID BY CHANG, THE GORILLA, MISFIRED!



GOOD GRIEF! MR. SPANG'S FALLEN INTO THE KID... AND THEY'VE BOTH GONE OVER A PRECIPICE!

THE AIR SANG DIZZILY IN FURY'S EARS...



YEEAAAGH!

THEN, WITH BREATH-ROBBING FORCE...



GNNNNFF!

THUDD!

ARMS WINDMILLING, ARCHER SPANG TOPPLED SLOWLY OUTWARDS...



NO! OH, NO!

EVEN AS THE MAN FELL...



AAAAHHH!

UGH! FURY... CANNOT WISH SUCH A FATE... EVEN FOR YOU!

BUT THE WEIGHT OF SPANG'S BODY DRAGGED THE BOY SIDWAYS...



YIEEE! MUST... LOCK MY MUSCLES!

FURY HUNG THERE BY SHEER ANIMAL STRENGTH... DANGLING HELPLESSLY OVER THE DEATH DROP!



OH, MY STARS! WH-WHAT CAN I DO...?

GO! AND TAKE SPANG'S DOG WITH YOU, SPINELESS ONE! YOU CAN BE OF NO HELP HERE!

DON'T! DON'T LEAVE ME, PURKISS!



THE KID'S RIGHT... THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO! AND... AND THAT GORILLA'S ON THE PROWL...

CRAVEN COWARD THAT HE WAS, THE RINGMASTER FLED...



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The kiwi of New Zealand is the world's only wingless bird



Snakes, having no legs, actually walk on their ribs.

FURY'S FRIENDS KNEW EXACTLY WHAT TO DO...



THAT'S IT! TAKE.. SOME OF THE STRAIN..

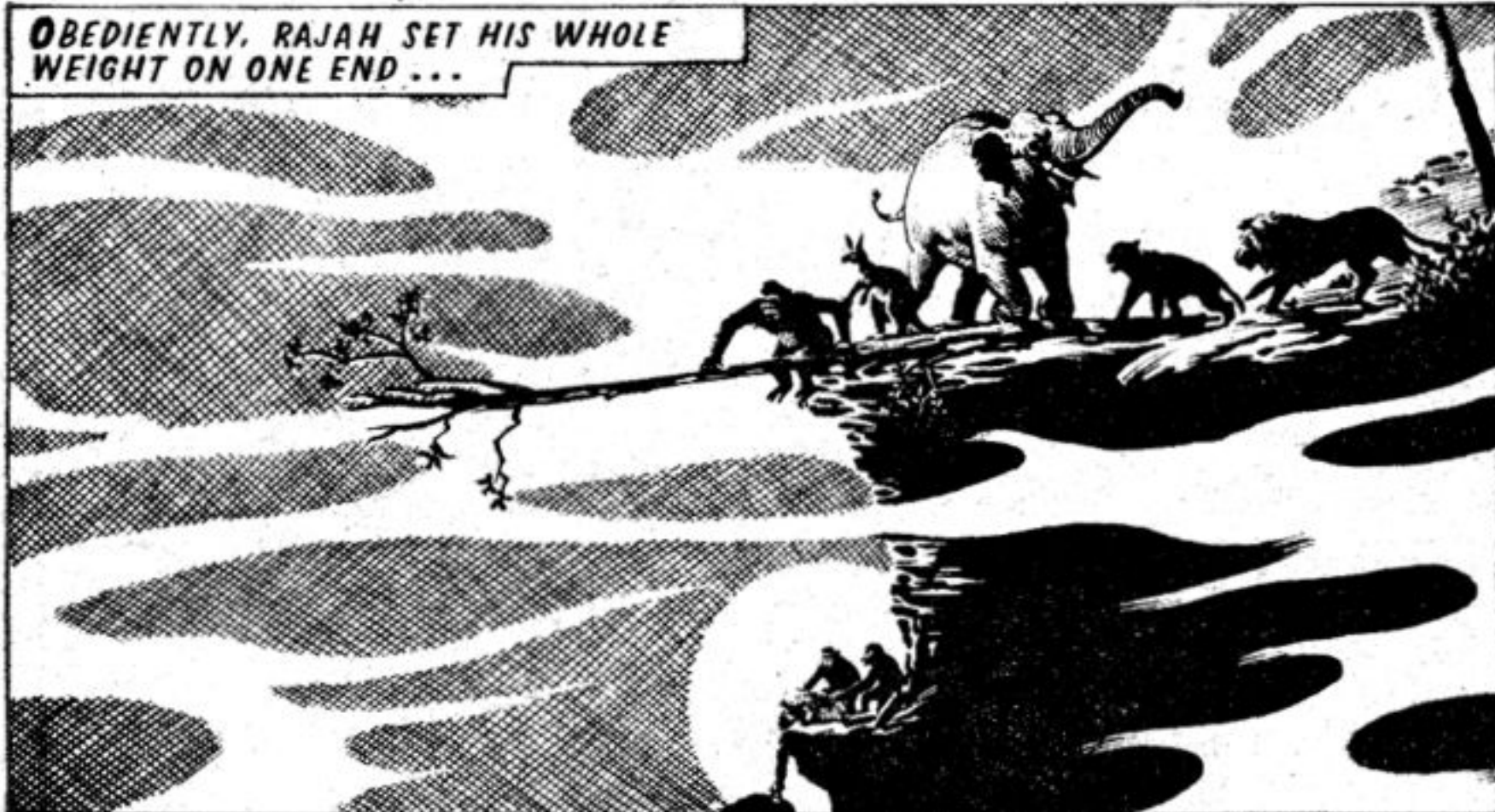


NOW CHANG FOUND A STOUT SAPLING, SNAPPED IT, AND BROUGHT IT TO THE CLIFF EDGE...

UUURGA!



OBEDIENTLY, RAJAH SET HIS WHOLE WEIGHT ON ONE END...



CHANG SWUNG HIMSELF DOWN...



HURROOO! GN0000R!



AS CHANG CAME WITHIN REACH...



SECONDS LATER, RAJAH HAULED THEM ALL TO SAFETY...



ARCHER SPANG WAS THE FIRST TO RECOVER...

KID... THIS IS HARD FOR A MAN LIKE ME TO SAY... BUT YOU SAVED MY LIFE!

IF YOU MEAN THAT YOU ARE NO LONGER MY ENEMY, FURY IS GLAD!



GREAT! THEN WITH YOUR TALENT, MY CIRCUS IS GONNA BE REAL BIG! COME BACK TO THE CIRCUS, FURY... TOP WAGES! WHADDYA SAY?

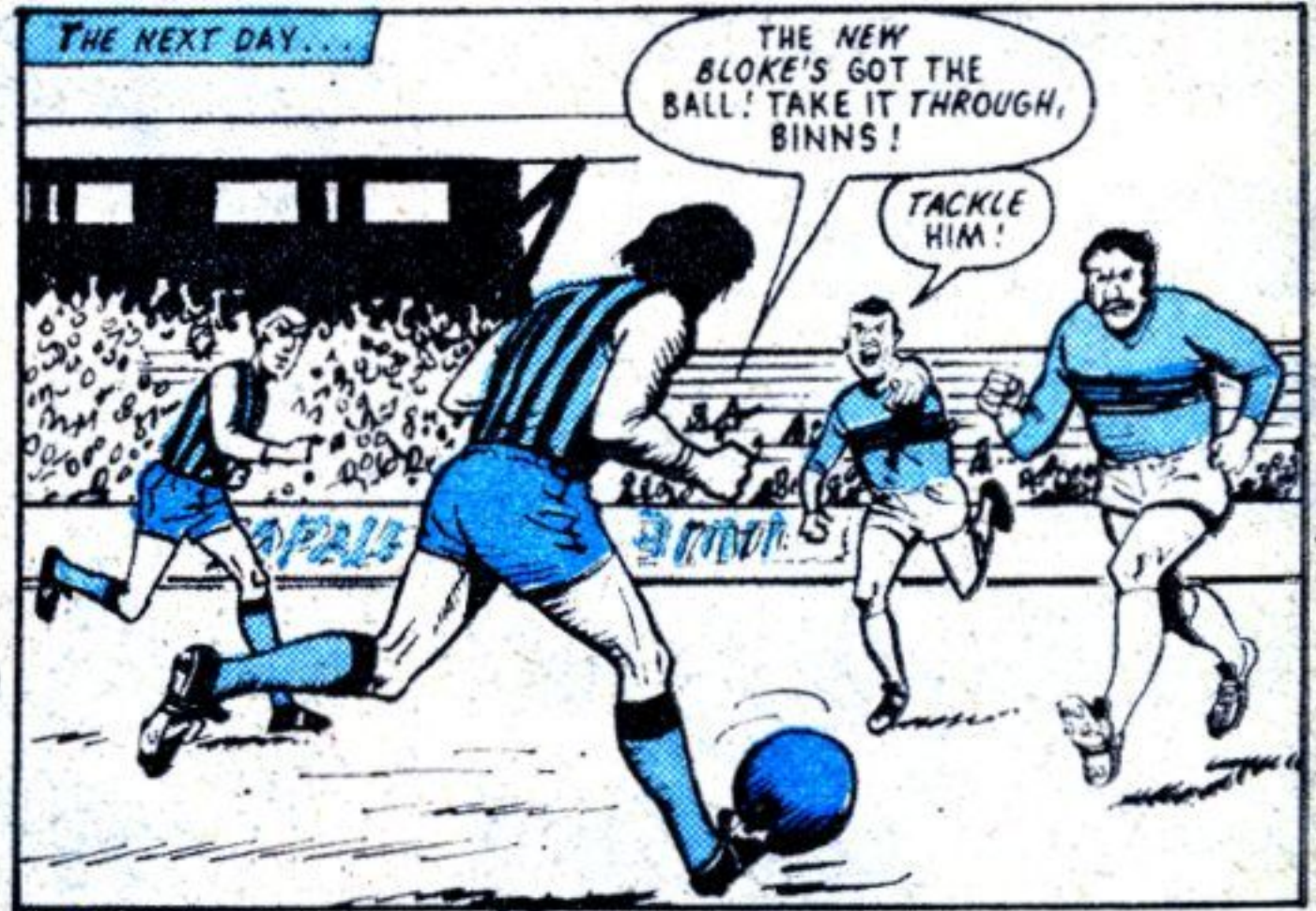
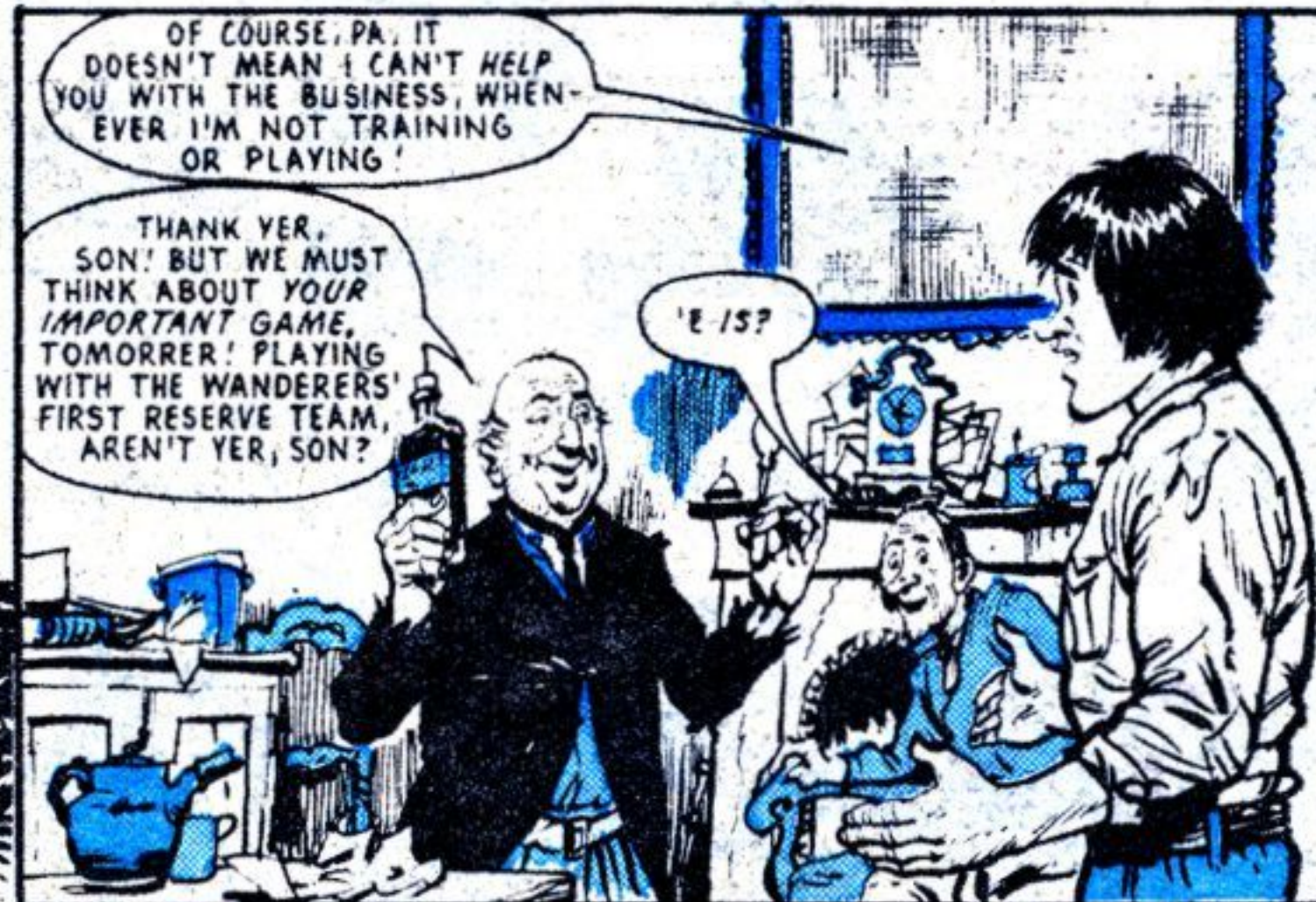


WILL FURY BE FORCED TO RETURN TO THE LIFE HE HATES? SEE NEXT WEEK!

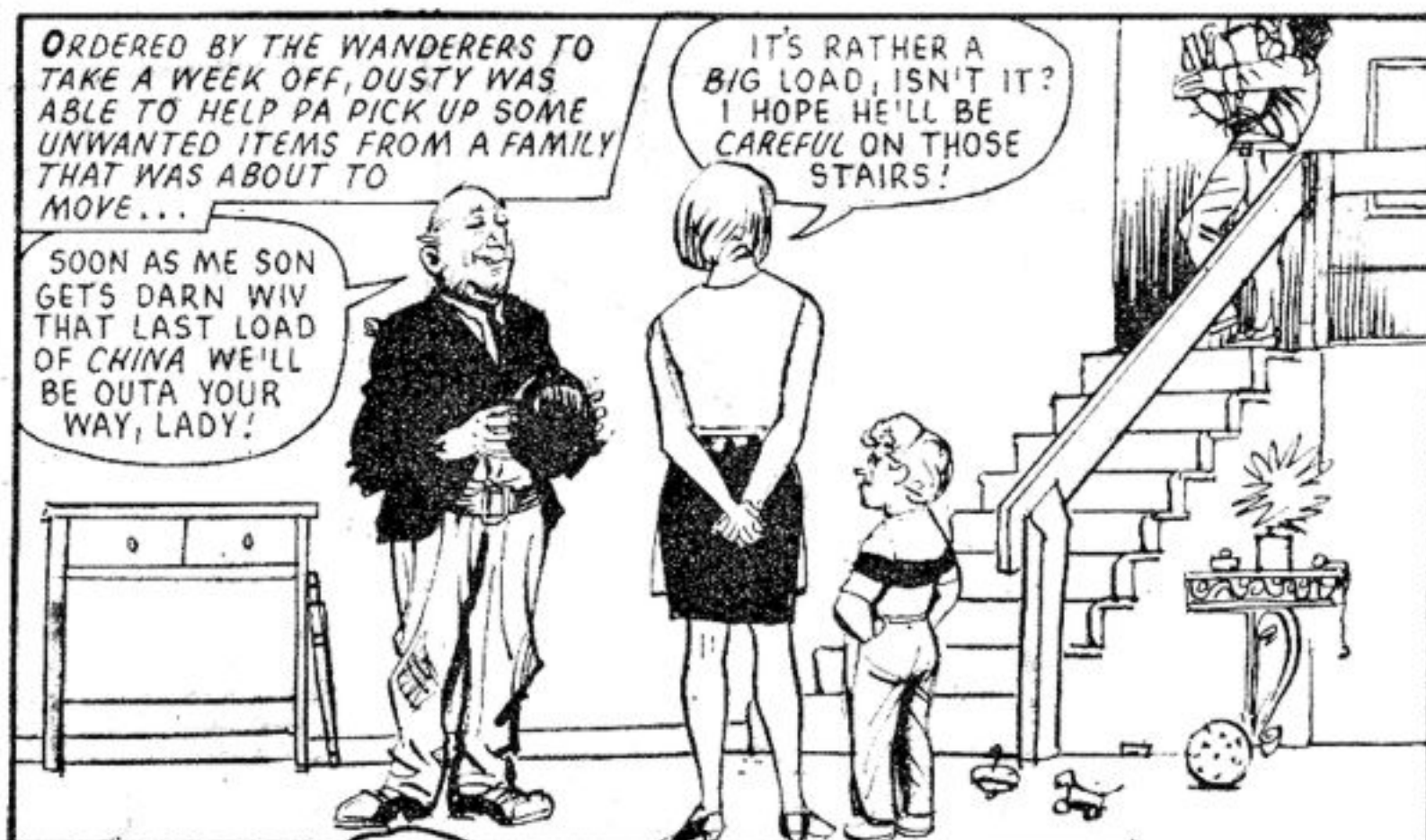
SCHEMER SID WANTS HIS SON OUT OF THE TEAM!

Dusty Binns

SID BINNS WAS VERY PROUD OF BEING THE OWNER OF A RAG-AND-BONE BUSINESS BUT NOT AT ALL PROUD OF THE FACT THAT HIS SON, DUSTY, HAD SIGNED ON AS A PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALLER. SO PA DECIDED TO SCHEME DUSTY BACK INTO THE FAMILY BUSINESS. CUNNINGLY, PA BINNS PRETENDED HE'D CHANGED HIS MIND ABOUT DUSTY'S FOOTBALL CAREER...



The 'yo-yo' toy is South American. The name means 'me, me'.



PHIL'S GONE BARMY...HE'S TAKEN ON THE ARMY!

PHIL THE FLUTTER

PHIL TAYLOR DISCOVERED AN OLD TIN WHISTLE WHICH POSSESSED STRANGE POWERS. WHENEVER PHIL PLAYED A CERTAIN NOTE EVERYONE WITHIN HEARING EXCEPT HIMSELF BECAME FROZEN LIKE A STATUE... AND REMEMBERED NOTHING ABOUT IT. AFTERWARDS PHIL THOUGHT HE HAD CAUSED SOME DAMAGE WHEN A BALL HE WAS KICKING WENT THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW...

CRUMBS! I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING BREAK!

NO! IT WAS JUST THOSE POTS AND PANS FALLING!

WHO DID THIS? WHAT A MESS!

I'LL LOSE MY BALL IF I DON'T ASK FOR IT BACK. BUT I DON'T RECKON SHE'D GIVE IT TO ME ANYWAY, PHIL! SHE LOOKS DEAD ANGRY!

THE TIN WHISTLE CAN HELP HERE...

PWHEEEEEEP-
PWHEEEEEEP...

TIME SEEMED TO STAND STILL, FOR EVERYONE EXCEPT PHIL...

I'LL JUST HAVE TIME TO CLEAN THINGS UP BEFORE THE EFFECTS WEAR OFF!

THERE! THAT'S FIXED IT!

BEFORE HE CAME OUT, PHIL TOOK A FLOWER FROM THE VASE...

HERE'S A PRESENT, MA'AM... TO CHEER YOU UP WHEN YOU COME BACK TO NORMAL...

A MOMENT LATER...

HOW-HOW DID THIS FLOWER GET INTO MY HAND? GOODNESS ME I MUST BE HAVING ONE OF MY FUNNY TURNS. I'M SURE I SAW THE POTS AND PANS ALL OVER THE PLACE JUST NOW!

Slot machines were first used in Ancient Greece.



GHOSTLY BRUSHWORK LANDS SPOTTY IN TROUBLE!



WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE JET-SKATES RUN OUT OF POWER?



THE JET-SKATERS



JIMMY AND PETER CLARKE, GORDON STONE AND ANDY JACKSON WERE GIVEN SUPER JET-POWERED ROLLER SKATES BY ANDY'S AMERICAN UNCLE... AND THEY CALLED THEMSELVES "THE JET-SKATERS". THEY WENT TO THE SEASIDE FOR A PICNIC BUT WHEN THEY FLEW OUT TO AN ISLAND, THE POWER OF THEIR SKATES FADED... AND THEY WERE MAROONED!



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND THE SKATES CONKING OUT ON US!

IT'S LUCKY WE BROUGHT SOME FOOD!

WE OUGHT TO LIGHT A FIRE... THERE'S PLENTY OF DRIFTWOOD. THEN WE CAN DRY OURSELVES...



HOW DO WE LIGHT A FIRE WITHOUT MATCHES YOU DRAFT APORTH?

YOU CAN DO IT BY RUBBING TWO STICKS TOGETHER! I'VE READ ABOUT IT...

HA, HA, HA! YOU'D BELIEVE ANYTHING YOU READ!

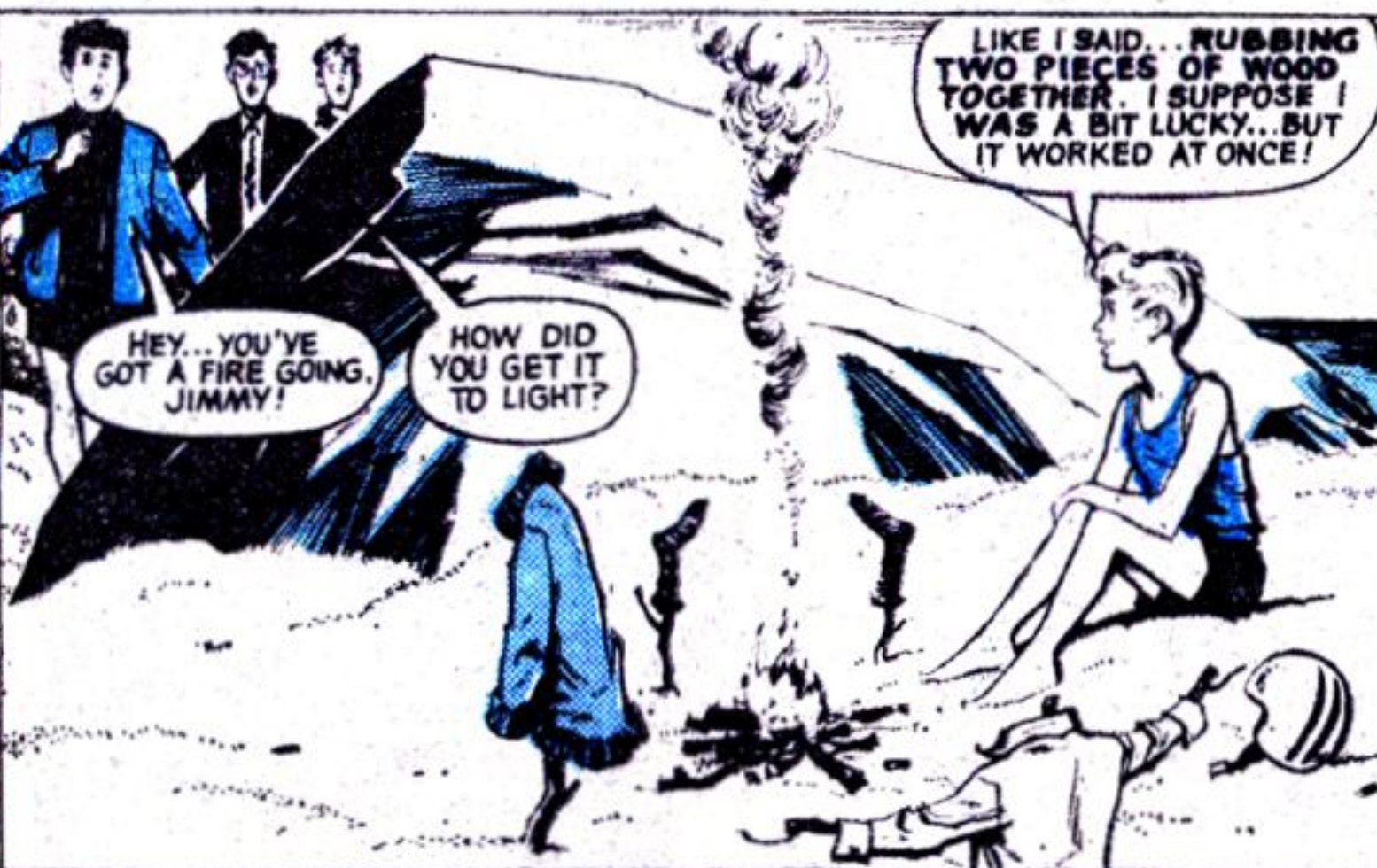


JIMMY WANDERED OFF, MUTTERING TO HIMSELF WHILE THE OTHERS SAT DOWN ON THE BEACH...

HEY, WHAT'S THAT SMELL?

IT'S SMOKE!

IT'S COMING FROM BEHIND THAT ROCK!



LIKE I SAID... RUBBING TWO PIECES OF WOOD TOGETHER. I SUPPOSE I WAS A BIT LUCKY... BUT IT WORKED AT ONCE!

HEY... YOU'VE GOT A FIRE GOING, JIMMY!

HOW DID YOU GET IT TO LIGHT?



WE'D BETTER START THINKING ABOUT GETTING OFF THIS ISLAND. THEY'LL BE WORRIED AT HOME IF WE DON'T TURN UP!

OUR CLOTHES ARE DRY, ANYWAY, THAT'S SOMETHING!

THANKS TO ME!



I CAN'T SEE ANY SIGNS OF A BOAT...

WHAT ARE YOU PUTTING YOUR SKATES ON FOR, CRACKERS?

WHO KNOWS... THEY MAY WORK AGAIN! THEY MIGHT JUST HAVE RUN DOWN BECAUSE WE'D USED 'EM SO MUCH. THEY MIGHT GET THEIR POWER BACK AFTER THEY'VE HAD A REST!



LET HIM GO... HE'S ALWAYS GETTING CRACKPOT IDEAS.

IF WE WAIT UNTIL IT'S REALLY DARK, SOMEONE WILL SEE OUR FIRE!



THEY GATHERED AS MUCH DRIFTWOOD AS THEY COULD FIND...

HEY, LISTEN!

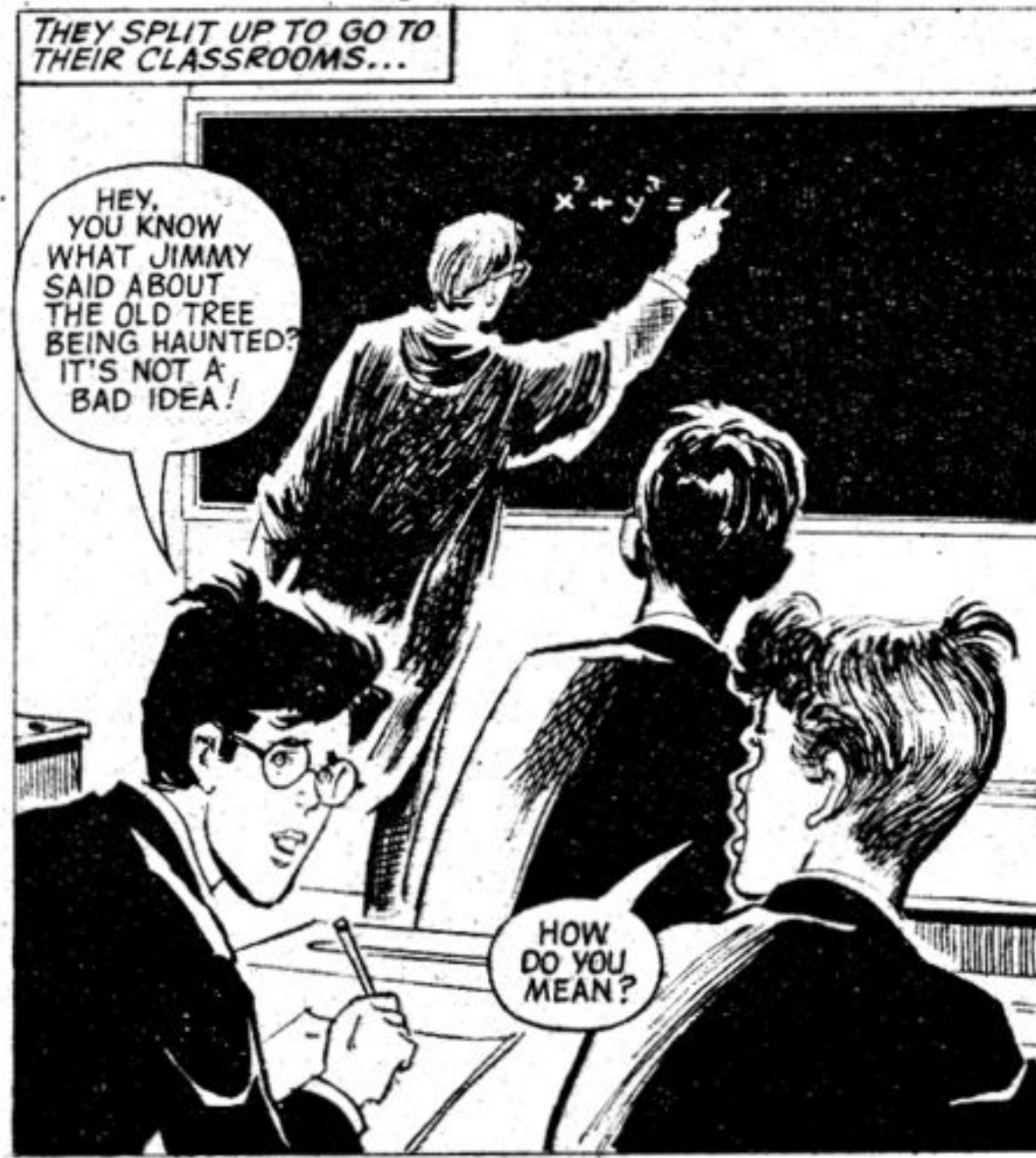
THERE'S SOMETHING COMING. SOUNDS LIKE AN ENGINE!

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A Frenchman grew his moustache to the record length of twelve feet.



A successful submarine was built by an American called Bushnell in 1775.



"SEND 'EM IN!" SAYS SAM



£1 — for you!
That's what I'll pay for any letters, jokes, rhymes, riddles, or anything else that I pick to be printed on this page. Send 'em in to: Sam, "Thunder", Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4 . . . and let me know your three favourite stories, too!

STAR LETTER

Dear Sam,

I love going to the circus and I always enjoy the animal acts. They look so proud and dignified as they stride around the ring. But then, I can't help feeling rather sad for them. They are made to sit on stools and do things they wouldn't normally do out in the jungle. It's just so we humans can have a giggle and be entertained. What do other readers think about this?

Murphy Towler, Dublin

EMBARRASSED!

Dear Sam,

Sometimes, in school, our teacher—after setting a problem—points to someone to answer it. When he points to me, and even if I know the answer, I get very embarrassed, just because everybody is looking at me. I wonder if other readers have had this difficulty, and if so, what do they do about it?

Terry Wilding,
London E.17

The Chimney Collector!

Dear Sam,

I bet most other Thunder readers have many varied hobbies. Well, I reckon I've thought of something completely original. I collect chimney-pots! You see . . . er . . . that is, I note down each pot I see into a little book, and add a quick sketch of it. To prove how many sorts there are, I noted sixty different chimney-pots on a half-mile stretch of road! There's just one hitch . . . I can't think of a good name for my hobby!

John Seaton,
Wolverhampton



I MET A METEORITE!

Dear Sam,

A meteorite fell in my garden last night and split in half! It was almost round, about one inch across, and is composed of very compressed, needle-shaped crystals, radiating outwards from a hole at the centre. Have any other readers found larger meteorites?

Tom Meddings, Ayr

SAM SAYS:

In addition to the letters I've already printed up to this week, and the hundreds of communications that reach me every day . . . about your hobbies, your exciting experiences, your school adventures . . . in addition to all those, I've received a few letters actually commenting on the stories and features in Thunder! Below is a selection of these letters . . .

"I think that the Steel Commando is great fun. Why did you have two different ways of drawing him in issues 1 and 2?" . . . Nelson Ostley, Birmingham. (SAM SAYS: The changing of artists was to see which style you readers prefer! As you'll have noticed, we've got yet another illustrator on that strip in this issue. Which artist do you like best?)

"The idea of printing the 'frozen' pictures from the Phil the Flutter story in black-and-white is a great innovation! In fact, I think your whole staff of colourists should be given gold medals!" . . . Bob Daniels, Weymouth. (SAM SAYS: I agree with you. They do deserve some kind of reward!)

"My favourite adventure story is Adam Eterno, and I also enjoy the Phil strip a lot. But I noticed a mistake in the first episode. On the left-hand page, his hair is coloured brown, and then, on the right-hand page, his hair is just black and white! Why was that?" . . .

Robin Morris, Epsom. (SAM SAYS: That was a mistake! No gold medals for the colouring artist!)

"The atmosphere in Fury's Family was very well portrayed, both script- and story-wise. I simply can't wait to see what happens to them in Fury's Valley. And the situation in which Captain Cliff Hanger and Kukri found themselves was great! I also think that the name of Captain Cliff's partner is very original. How did you dream up that name, 'Kukri'?" . . . Scott Allen, London, S.W.7. (SAM SAYS: Do any other Thunder fans know the answer to Scott's query?)

THE DIGGERS

Dear Sam,

As I am interested in archaeology, I was very excited when the remains of a Roman Hut Settlement were discovered a few years ago near my home. Some friends had already dug up a complete skeleton and items of pottery so I decided to start excavating myself! I was very lucky! I found a lot more pottery, many more bones, and also some articles made of iron and bronze. My most prized discovery was a Roman Coin! All of these finds are now in a local Museum.

Jack Worth, Surrey

SAM SAYS: I hope the coin wasn't dated "B.C."!

BAPTISM BY FIRE!

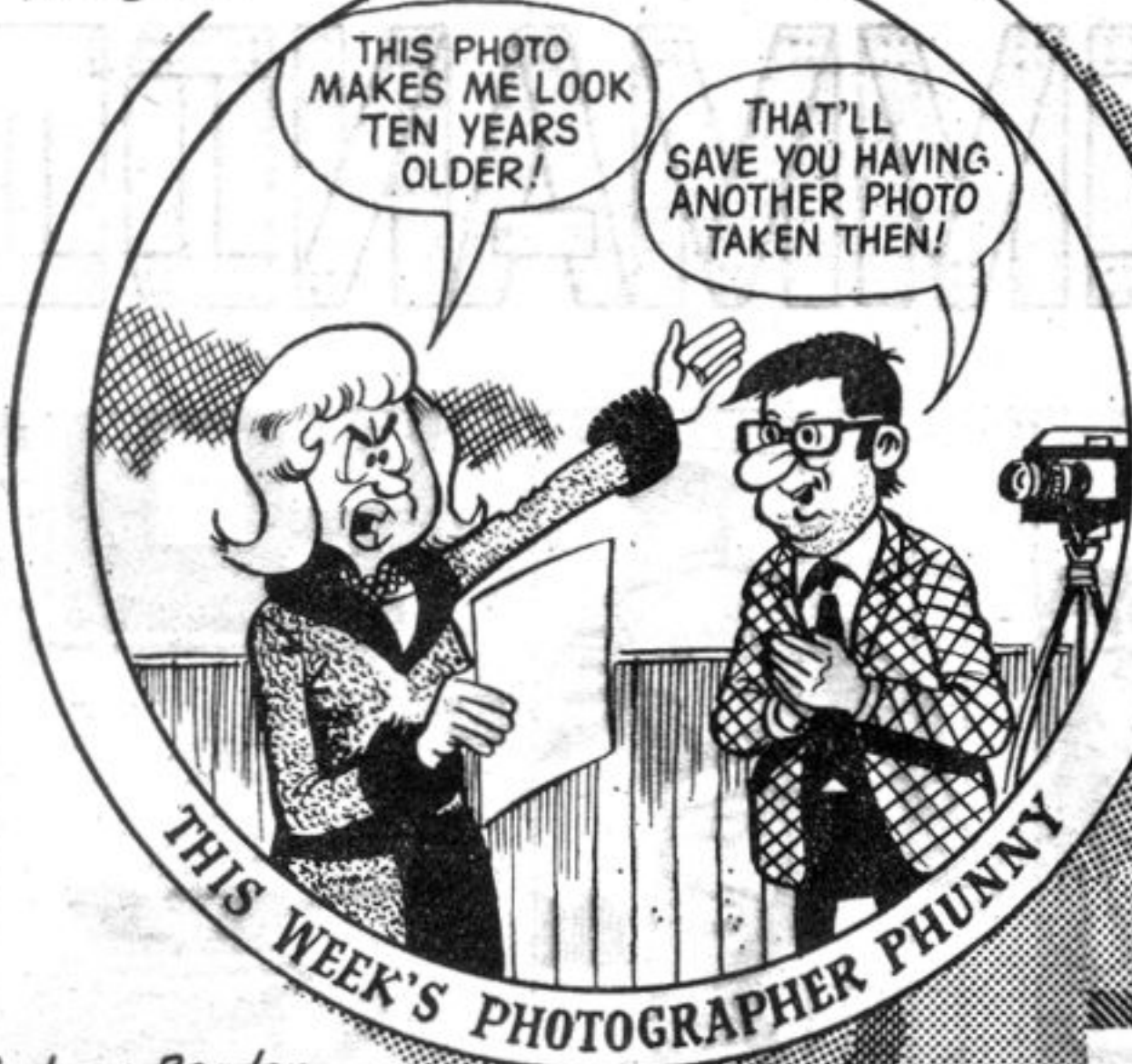
Dear Sam,

Last summer holidays, at the seaside, I spent most of my time in the woods not far from the beach. One day, while I was out walking, I saw a raging brush-wood fire. I ran to the nearest telephone box and dialled for the fire-engines. They soon arrived and quickly put out the flames. When the chief-fireman learnt how I had raised the alarm, he was so pleased that he showed me around the town's fire-stations! And now . . . I want to be a fireman!

Derek Anderson, Northumberland



Jeff Berwick,
Margate.



Bill Softall,
Barking.



Rodney Reader,
Goole, Yorkshire.



SAM PICKS HIS TOP GAGS

£1 for any jokes that I think our artist would like to draw. Roll 'em in, pals! Let's make Sam's Spot a real cracker!

Guy Freidrich,
Manchester.



Cyril Jones,
Bristol.

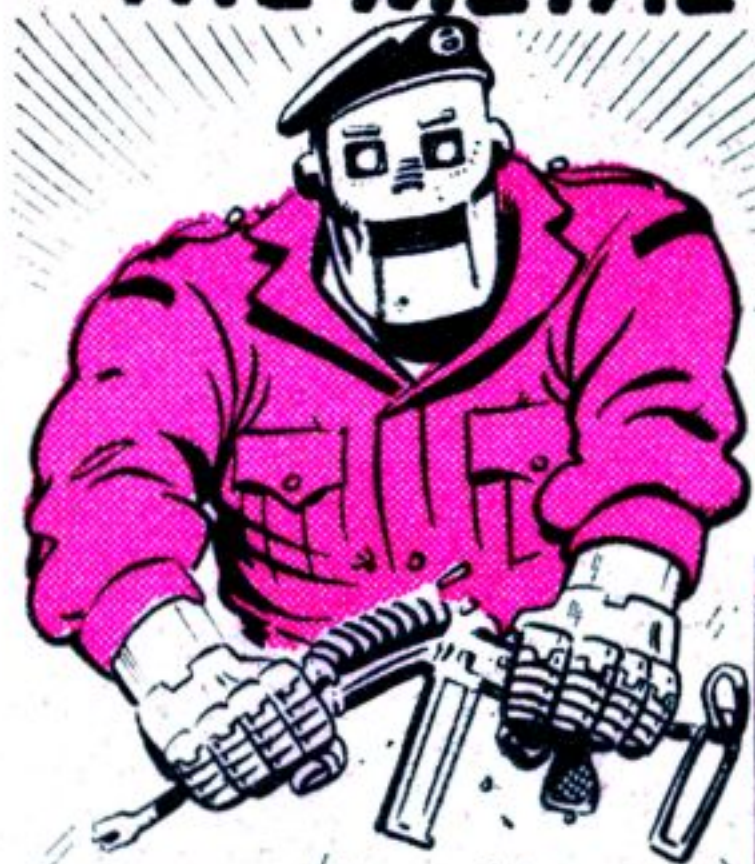


Ned Williams,
Southend.



THE METAL WARRIOR TAKES ON THE NAZI AIR-FORCE!

STEEL COMMANDO



DURING WORLD WAR II, LANCE-CORPORAL ERNIE 'EXCUSED BOOTS' BATES, THE LAZIEST MAN IN THE ARMY, WAS PUT IN CHARGE OF THE SECRET WEAPON KNOWN AS THE STEEL COMMANDO BECAUSE HE WAS THE ONLY MAN FROM WHOM THE ROBOT WOULD TAKE ORDERS!



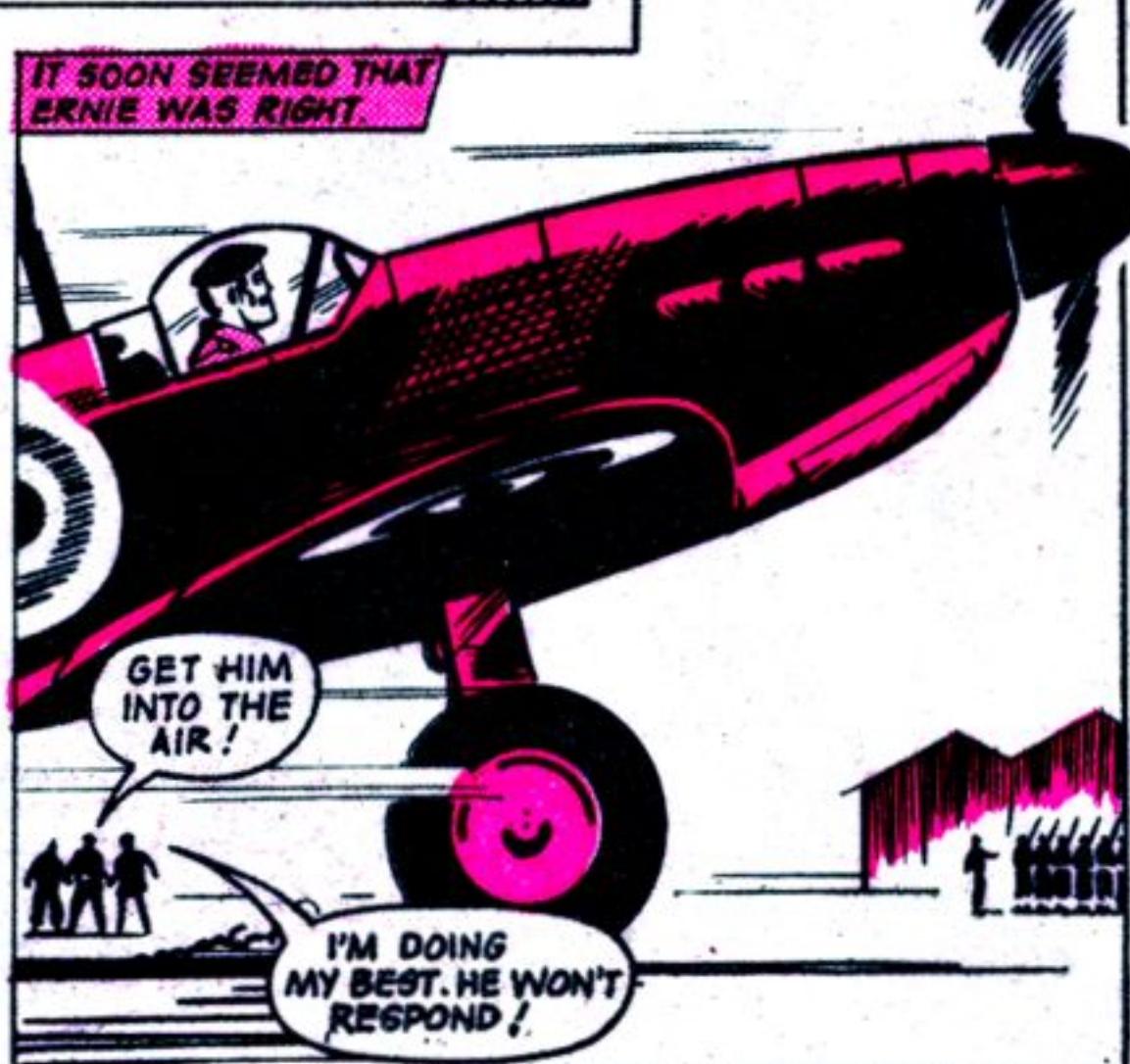
GETTING NO REPLY, ERNIE SCRAMBLED TO HIS FEET.



ERNIE DASHED OUT, PROTESTING...

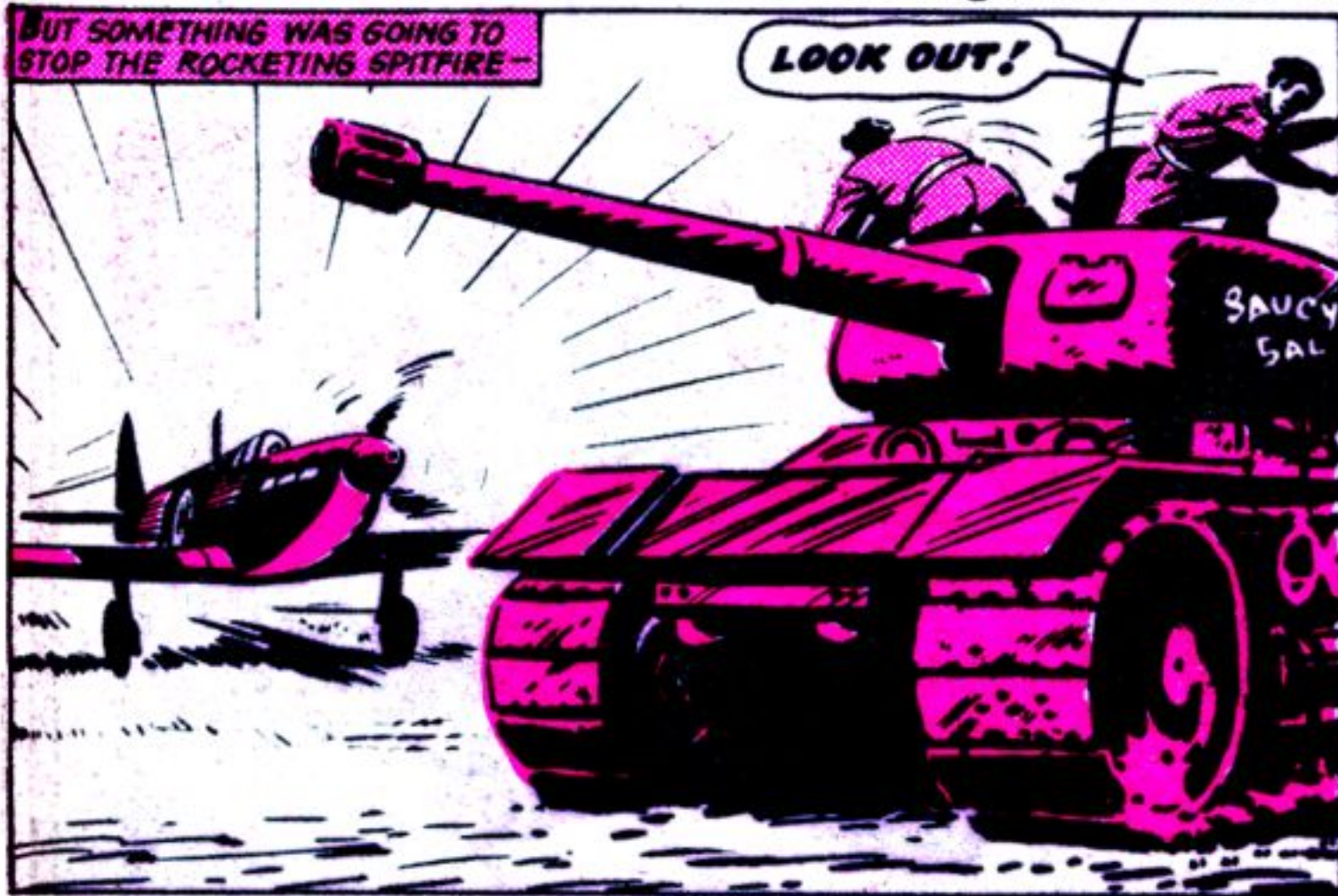


IT SOON SEEMED THAT ERNIE WAS RIGHT.



The first flight across the English Channel lasted 37 minutes.

BUT SOMETHING WAS GOING TO STOP THE ROCKETING SPITFIRE—



THE INDESTRUCTIBLE ROBOT SEEMED ONLY SLIGHTLY DAZED.



YOUR POOR OLD CIRCUITS MUST BE PROPER SHOOK UP, IRONSIDES. COME AND HAVE A NICE LIE DOWN!

I BET THEM HAIR-CREAM BOYS FROM THE R.A.F. WON'T BOTHER YOU AGAIN! A BIT OF OIL, OLD COCK! DOES THAT FEEL BETTER?

MUCH EASIER THANK YOU, ERNIE.



BUT THE R.A.F. DIDN'T GIVE UP.



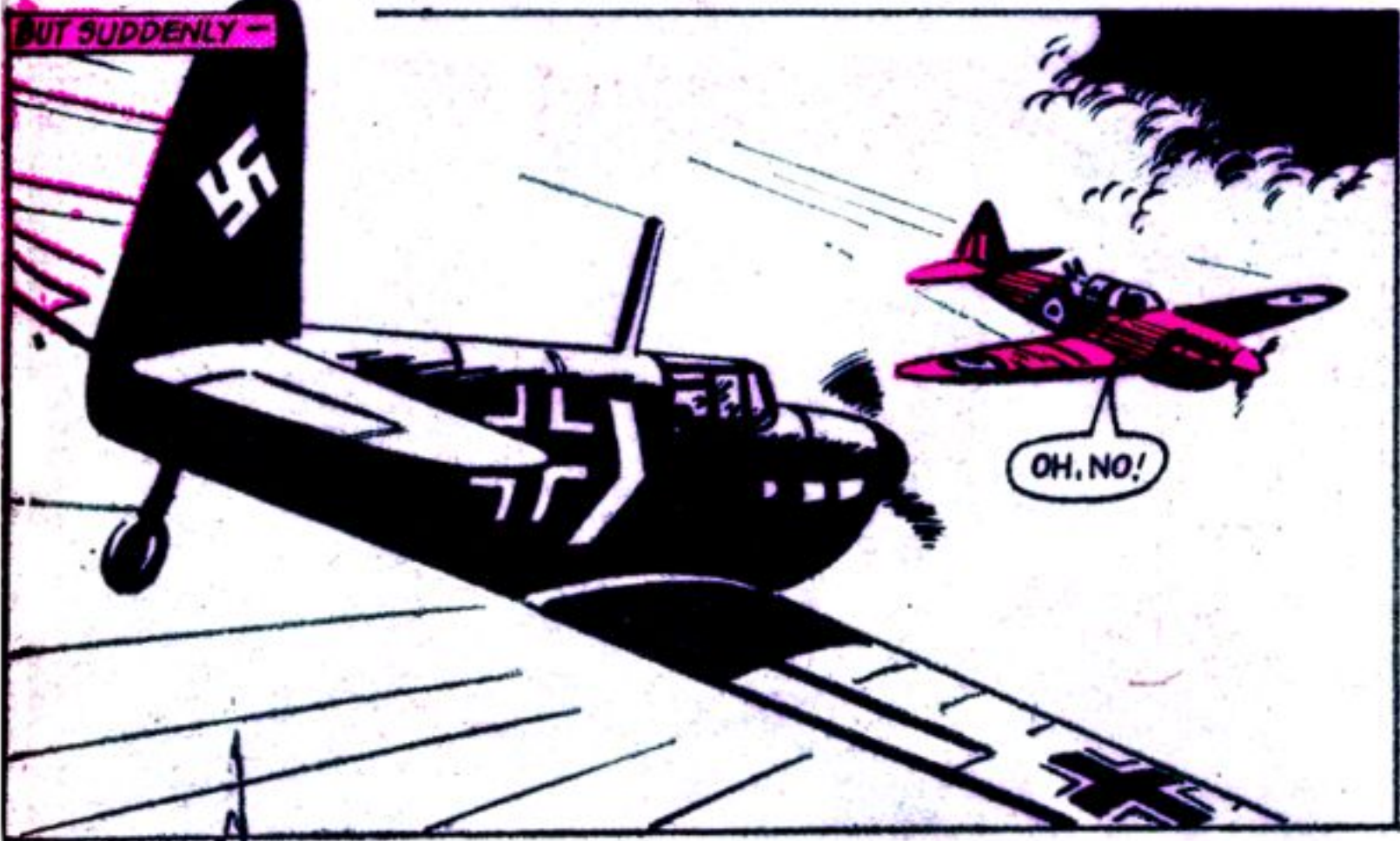
THIS TIME THE STEEL COMMANDO GAVE NO TROUBLE



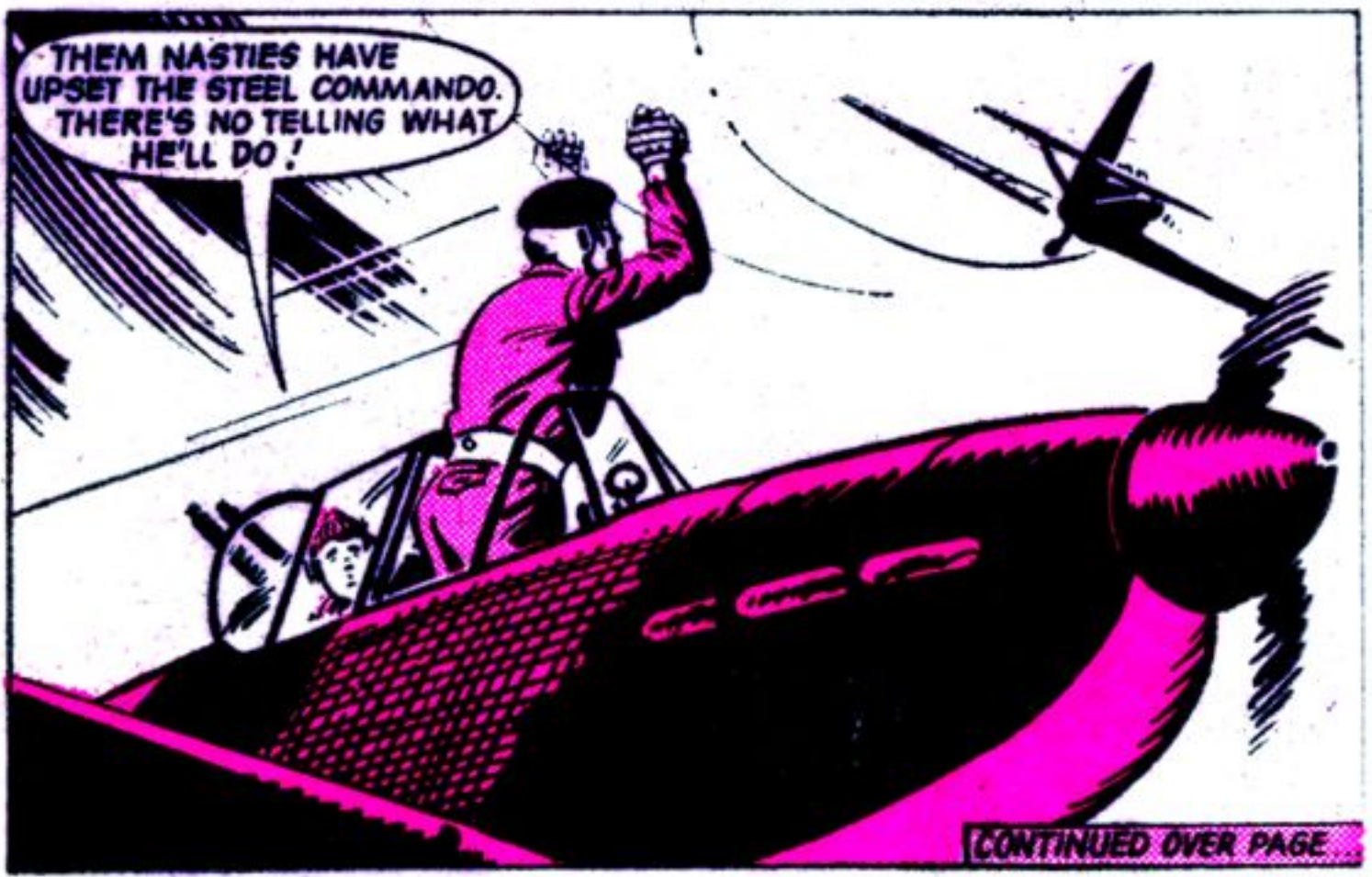
AFTER THE FIRST FEW MOMENTS ERNIE SETTLED DOWN TO ENJOY HIMSELF.



BUT SUDDENLY—



THEM NASTIES HAVE UPSET THE STEEL COMMANDO. THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT HE'LL DO!

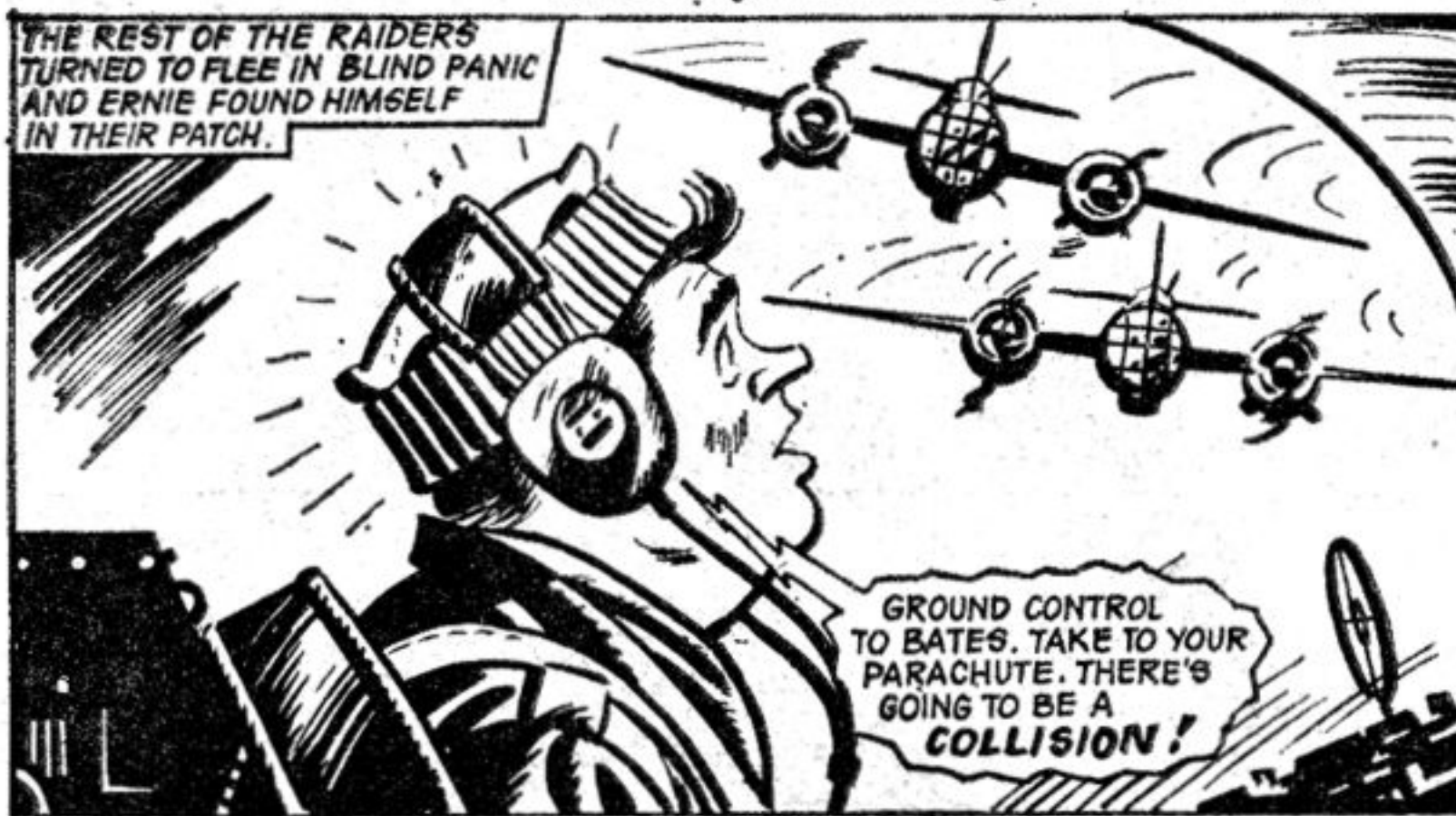


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Concrete, made from volcanic earth, was first used in Roman times.



A man spent seven years building a model of the Forth Bridge from matchsticks.



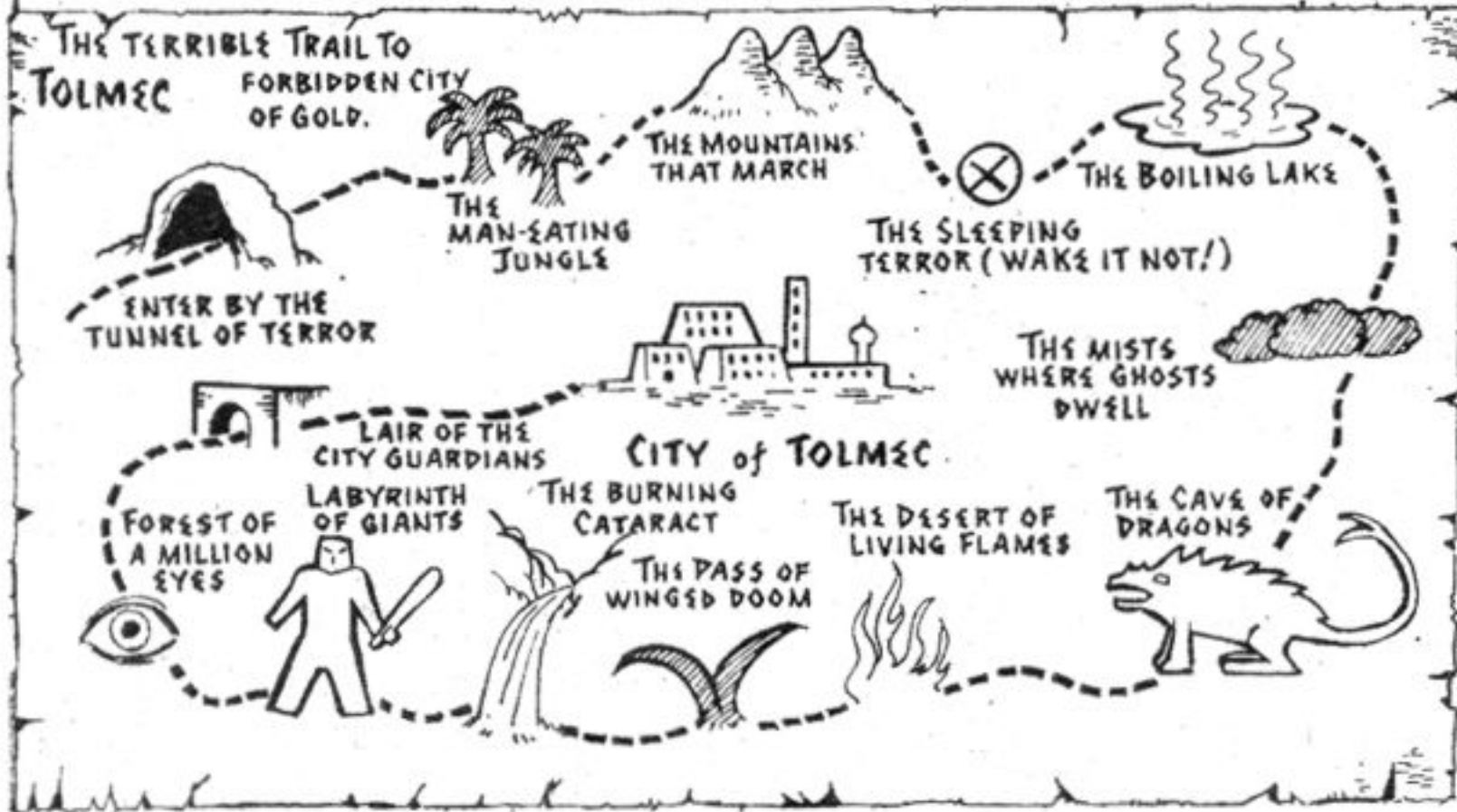
AS THE STEEL COMMANDO CAME IN TO LAND, TEA WAS JUST BEING SERVED IN THE OFFICERS' MESS—



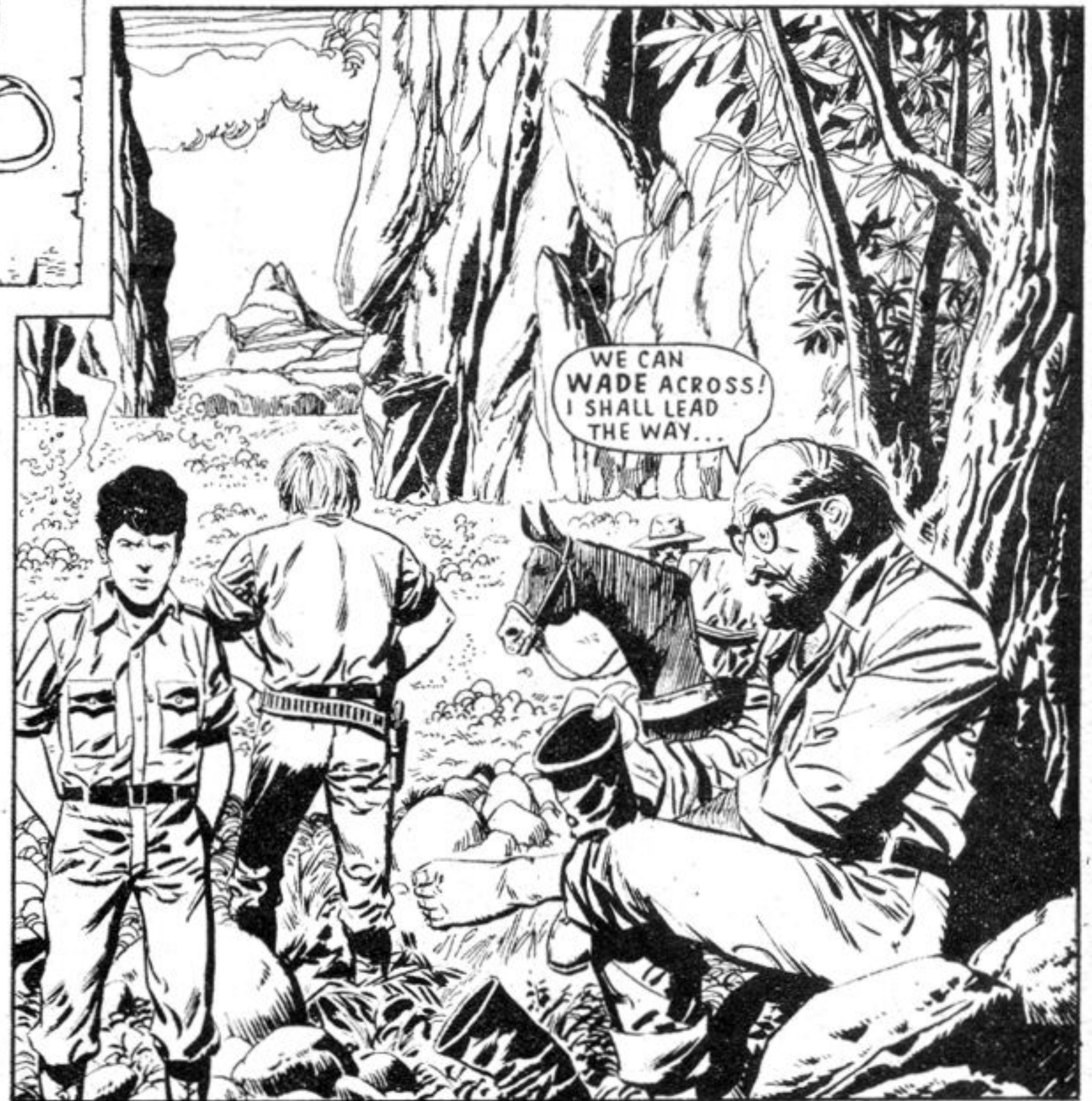
THE STEEL COMMANDO IS BACK NEXT WEEK

CROSSING THE DEADLY BOILING LAKE!

THE TERRIBLE TRAIL TO TOLMEC



DOCTOR WOLFGANG STRANGER, WHO CONSIDERED HIMSELF THE GREATEST EXPLORER IN THE WORLD, AND HIS GIGANTIC MANSERVANT TROLL, HAD AGREED TO GO WITH TOM TAYLOR ON THE TERRIBLE TRAIL TO TOLMEC, THE FORBIDDEN CITY OF GOLD, WHERE TOM BELIEVED THEY WOULD FIND HIS FATHER. AFTER OVERCOMING SEVERAL EERIE PERILS THEY APPROACHED THE NEXT DANGER POINT MARKED ON TOM'S MAP — THE BOILING LAKE!



Freak storms have sometimes caused a rain of tiny diamonds.

THE MONSTER DRINKING FROM THE BOILING POOL BLEW STEAM FROM ITS NOSTRILS...



DOCTOR STRANGER TURNED TO TROLL...



TOM FROWNED MISTRUSTFULLY...



TOM'S SUSPICIONS WERE JUSTIFIED...



TROLL BEGAN TO ROLL THE STRANGE BOULDERS DOWN ON THE PARTY BELOW...



BUT THE BOULDERS WEREN'T QUITE WHAT THEY LOOKED...



THE ANSWER TO TOM'S QUESTION APPEARED OVERHEAD...



TROLL SUDDENLY FOUND HIMSELF IN TROUBLE...



The world's largest aquarium in Chicago cost £1,160,000 to build.

HE FLED IN TERROR...



TROLL'S
LEADING THEM BACK
HERE! WE'LL BE TORN
TO PIECES!

BUT UNEXPECTED HELP WAS AT HAND...



IT SEEMS
THE DRAGON AND
THE ROCS ARE
NATURAL
ENEMIES!

THE BEAKS AND CLAWS OF THE
GIANT ROCS MADE LITTLE
IMPRESSION ON THE SCALY
HIDE OF THE DRAGON...



NOW'S OUR
CHANCE TO
GET AWAY,
WHILE THEY
ARE FIGHTING
EACH OTHER.

BUT THE PACK MULES WON'T BE ABLE
TO CROSS THE TRACK TROLL FOUND!
WE WILL HAVE TO LEAVE EVERYTHING
BEHIND.



I'VE GOT
AN IDEA.



WAIT.
I SHAN'T
BE LONG.



HE'S ROLLING GIANT EGGS DOWN
INTO THE WATER! WHAT GOOD
WILL THAT DO?



TOM CAME RACING BACK...

COME ON. LET'S
MOVE BEFORE THE
GIANT ROCS STOP
FIGHTING AND
TURN THEIR
ATTENTION
ON US!

BUT HOW DO
WE GET ACROSS?



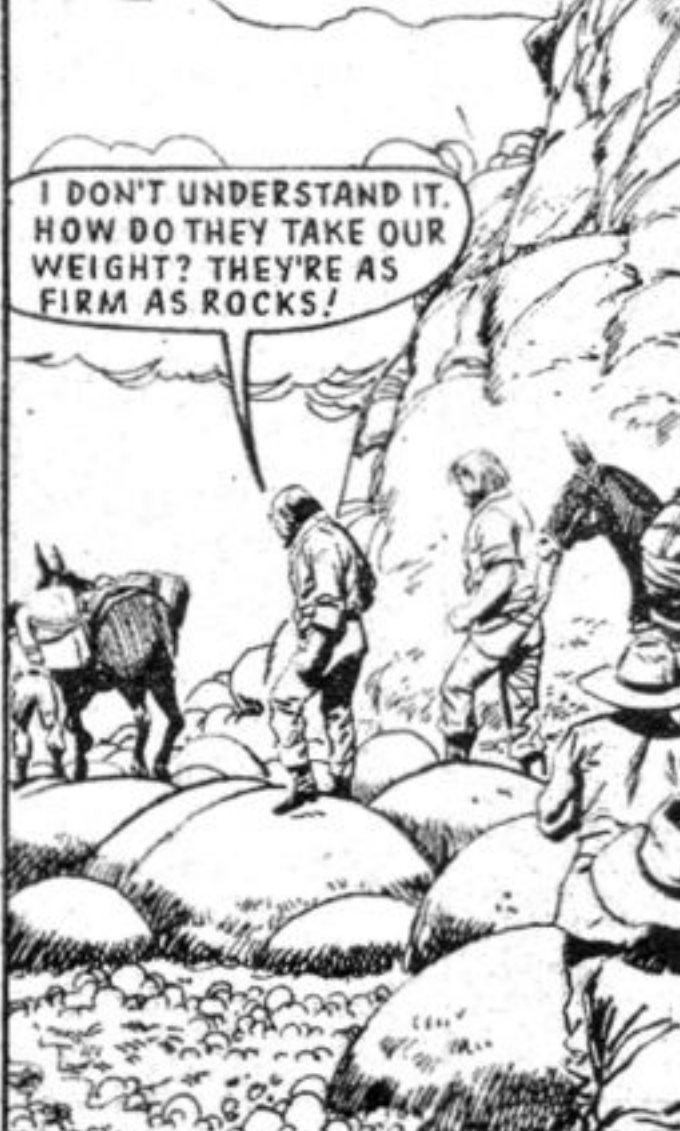
THERE'S OUR PATH.
STEPPING STONES
TO THE OTHER SIDE.

BUT THEY'RE NOT REAL
STONES. THEY'RE ONLY
EGGS!



THEY'LL BREAK!

WE'LL
SEE
ABOUT
THAT!



I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT.
HOW DO THEY TAKE OUR
WEIGHT? THEY'RE AS
FIRM AS ROCKS!



IT'S SIMPLE,
DOCTOR. THEY'RE
HARD-
BOILED!

WHY DIDN'T I THINK
OF THAT?

THAT'S ONE MORE OBSTACLE
OVERCOME. WHAT'S NEXT?
THE MISTS WHERE
GHOSTS DWELL.
SOUNDS SPOOKY!

FOLLOW THE TRAIL TO
TOLMEC NEXT WEEK!

THE ANCIENT GLOVE DEALT JUSTICE TO ALL COMERS!

GAUNTLET OF FATE



A STRANGE OLD GAUNTLET WHICH HAD ONCE BELONGED TO A MEDIEVAL LAW-MAKER HAD BEEN DUG OUT OF ITS CENTURIES-OLD HIDING PLACE. THE GAUNTLET BROUGHT JUSTICE TO ALL WHO WORE IT ON THEIR HAND, THE WICKED OR THE GOOD. AFTER IT HAD FORCED A SNEAK THIEF TO FOIL A GANG OF BULLION ROBBERS ON A SWISS TRAIN, THE GAUNTLET WAS FOUND BY THE POLICE AND SENT TO INTERPOL AS A POSSIBLE CLUE. FINALLY IT WAS CHECKED OUT BY SCOTLAND YARD IN LONDON...



DON'T WAVE IT ABOUT THEN, HARPER! PUT IT DOWN ON MY DESK!

DETECTIVE CONSTABLE HARPER WAS A KEEN YOUNGSTER...



FANCY YOURSELF AS A CROOK-CATCHER DO YOU, HARPER? WELL NOW...

STEALTHILY, THE FINGERS ON THE GAUNTLET OF FATE BEGAN TO MOVE...



THE INSPECTOR HERE IS WORRIED STIFF BY THE WAVE OF CAR ROBBERIES! THAT FILE ON THE DESK CONTAINS DETAILS OF ALL THE ROBBERIES... WHERE THE CARS WERE STOLEN AND SO ON...

UNNOTICED, THE GAUNTLET FLIPPED THROUGH THE FILE!



CHECK OUT THAT LIST, HARPER... VISIT ALL THE ROBBERY SPOTS MENTIONED AND FIND US A CLUE TO THE CAR-THIEVES!

BUT... THAT'S A HOPELESS JOB, SIR!

YOUNG HARPER GOT LITTLE ENCOURAGEMENT FROM HIS SUPERIOR...



THE LAD'S RIGHT, SUPER... HE'LL BE WASTING HIS TIME!

OF COURSE HE WILL, INSPECTOR... AND MAYBE IT'LL TEACH HIM THAT HE'S AN OFFICE BOY AND NOT A DETECTIVE!

RIGHT... I'LL SHOW HIM!

FUNNY, I DON'T REMEMBER THE FILE BEING OPEN WHEN I PUT THE GAUNTLET DOWN! BUT I MIGHT AS WELL START SEARCHING AT THE CAR PARK THE FINGER'S POINTING TO!



HARPER STARTED HIS HOPELESS SEARCH AT THE CALDER ROAD CAR PARK...



"HE WHO DONS THE GAUNTLET OF FATE SHALL GAIN HIS JUST REWARD... THAT'S THE INSCRIPTION ON THE OLD GAUNTLET!"

I KNOW I COULD MAKE A GOOD DETECTIVE IF THE SUPER WOULD ONLY GIVE ME A CHANCE... SO MAYBE CATCHING THOSE CAR THIEVES WOULD BE MY JUST REWARD!

SUDDENLY...

NO ONE ABOUT, JOSH... AND THERE'S A CAR LIKE THE BOSS WANTED!



GOOD GRIEF! I'VE STRUCK LUCKY FIRST GO!

CONTINUED OVER PAGE...

Devil's Island, the French penal colony, lasted for 99 years.

THE TWO MEN OPENED THE VERY CAR WHICH HARPER HAD HIDDEN UNDER ...



AS THE YOUNG DETECTIVE WAS FINDING OUT, THE GAUNTLET HAD A WILL OF ITS OWN!



HARPER CLUNG UNDERNEATH THE STOLEN CAR AS IT DROVE THROUGH THE OUTSKIRTS OF LONDON...



THEN, IN A RAMSHACKLE GARAGE NEAR THE DOCKS...



IT WAS THE GAUNTLET WHICH LIFTED THE HEAVY STEEL GIRDER, NOT THE MAN WHO WAS WEARING IT ...



A NEW DANGER THREATENED DETECTIVE CONSTABLE HARPER...



The world's oldest royal family is that of Japan.

BUT THE GAUNTLET GAVE ANOTHER PROOF OF ITS TERRIFIC STRENGTH...



THE CAR REARED UPWARDS IN THE FEARFUL GRIP OF THE GAUNTLET...



HARPER'S GAUNTLETED HAND WAS DRAGGED UNWILLINGLY UPWARDS...



N-NO-IT'S NOT P-POSSIBLE!



HARPER GRABBED THE BLOW-LAMP BY ITS HANDLE...



THE INSPECTOR HAD BEEN DRIVING BACK TO HIS OWN STATION FROM SCOTLAND YARD...



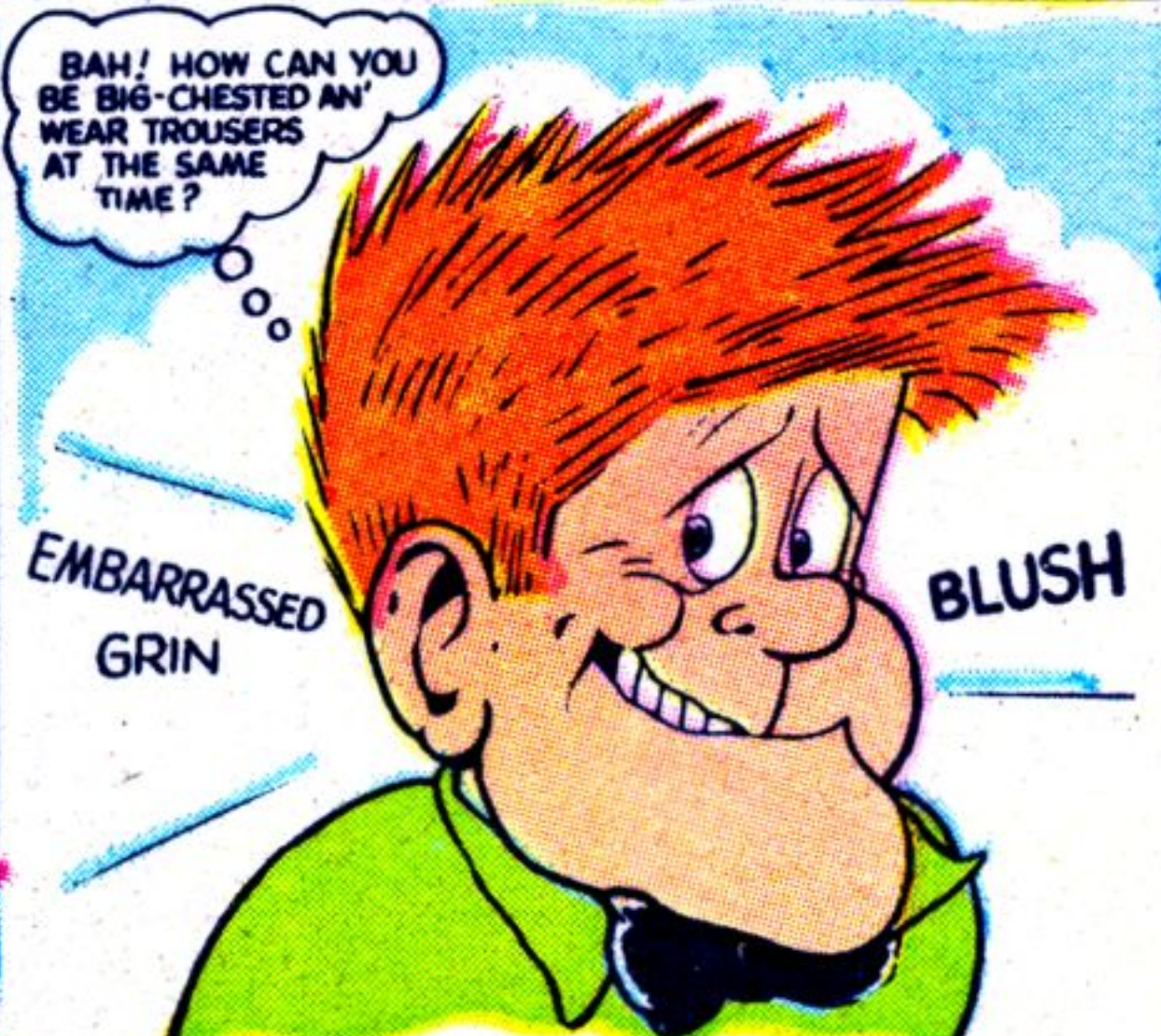
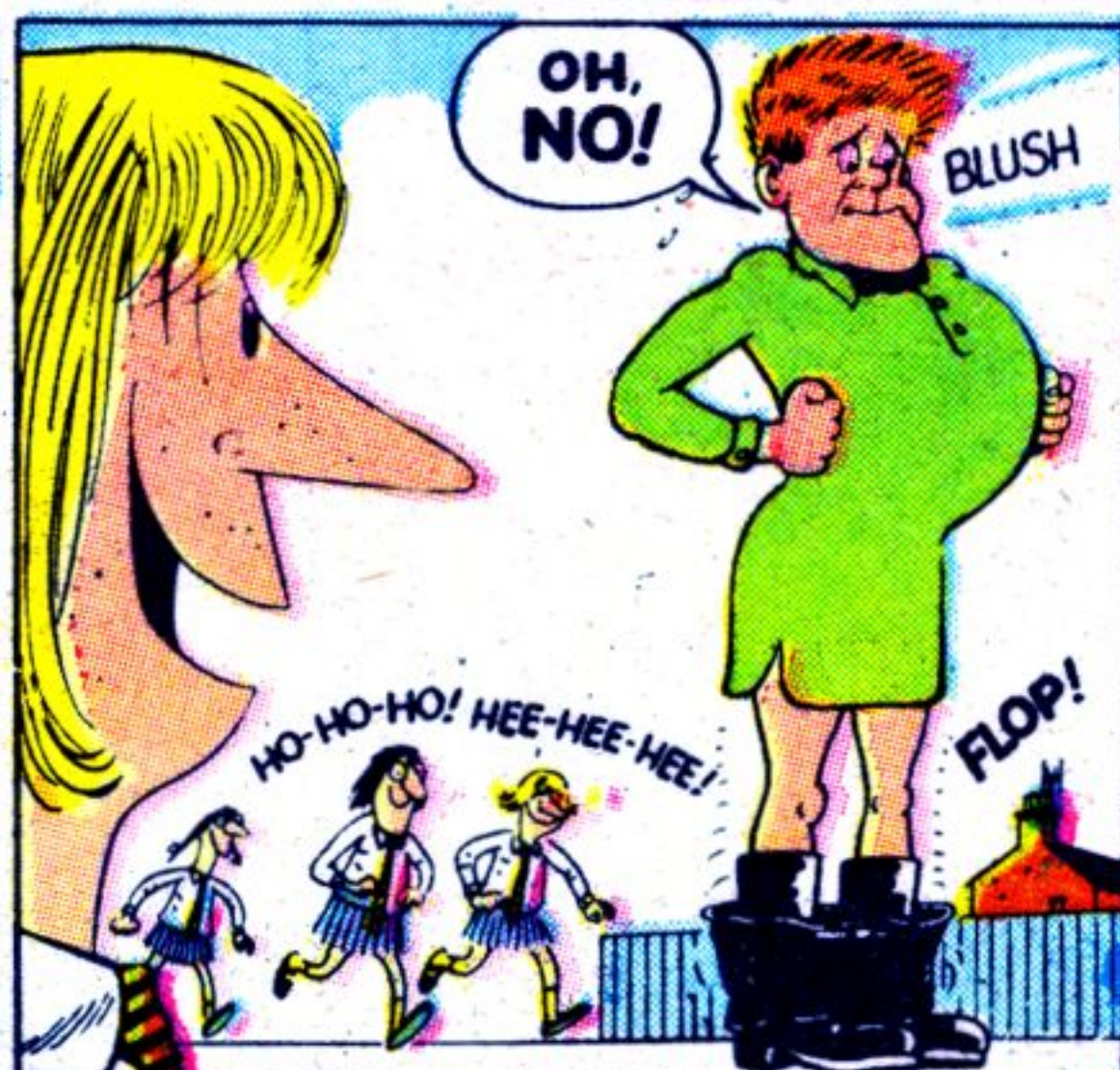
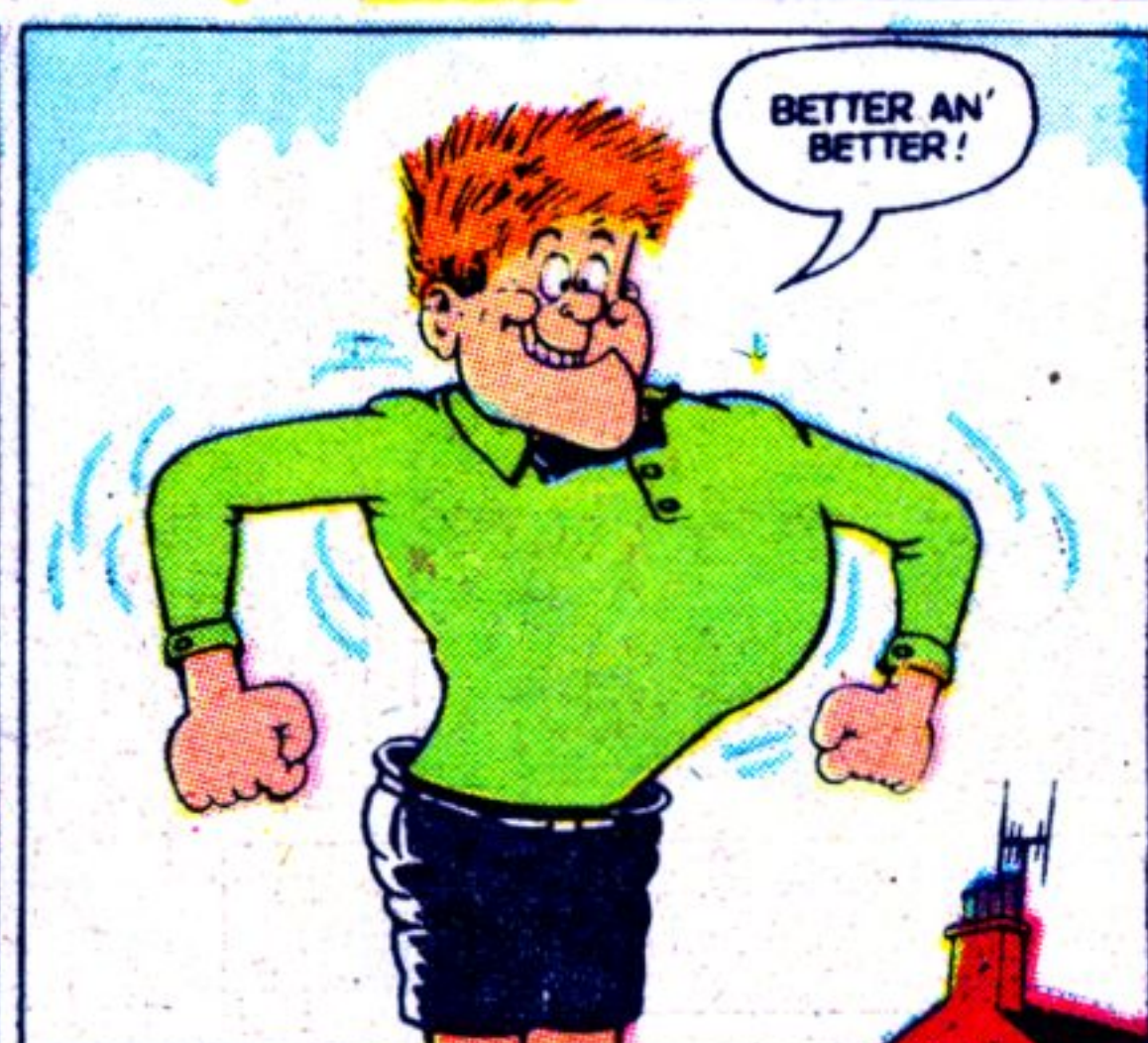
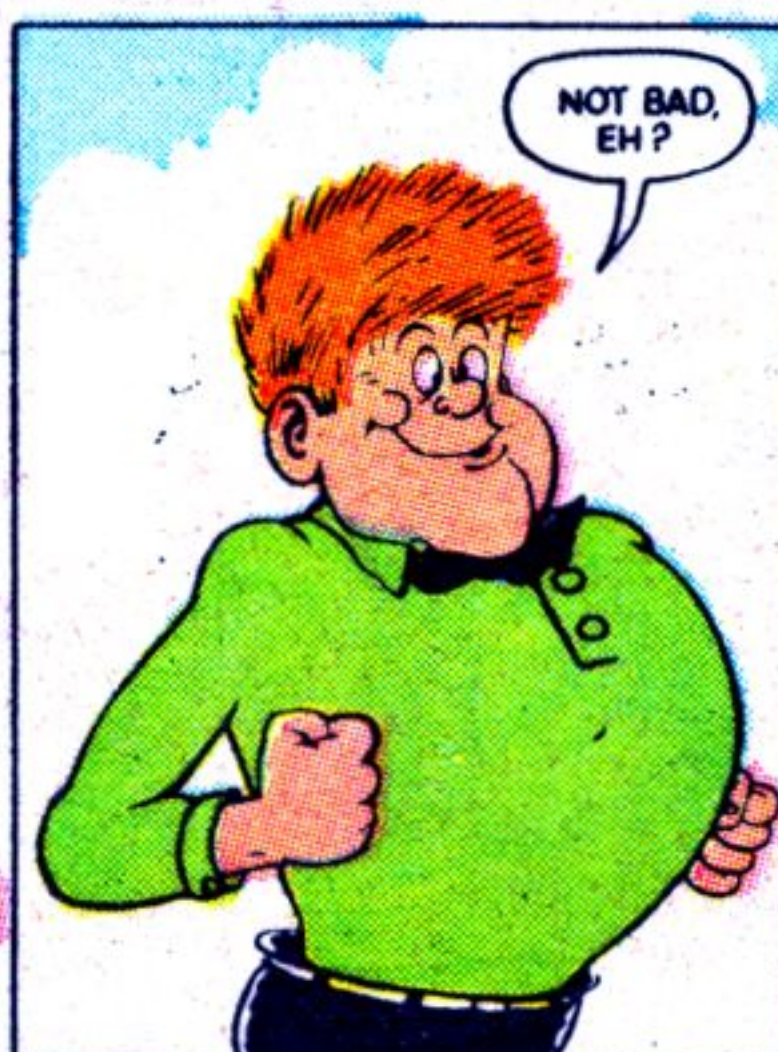
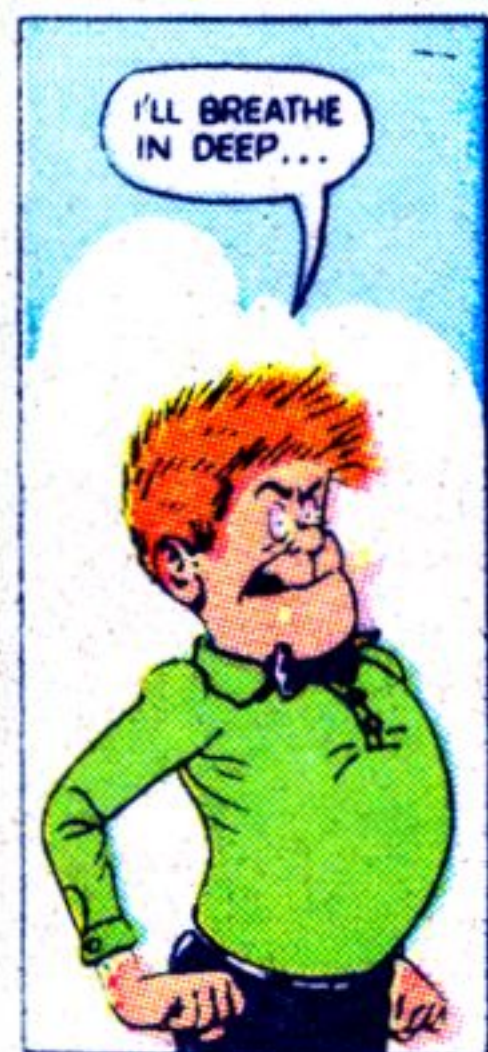
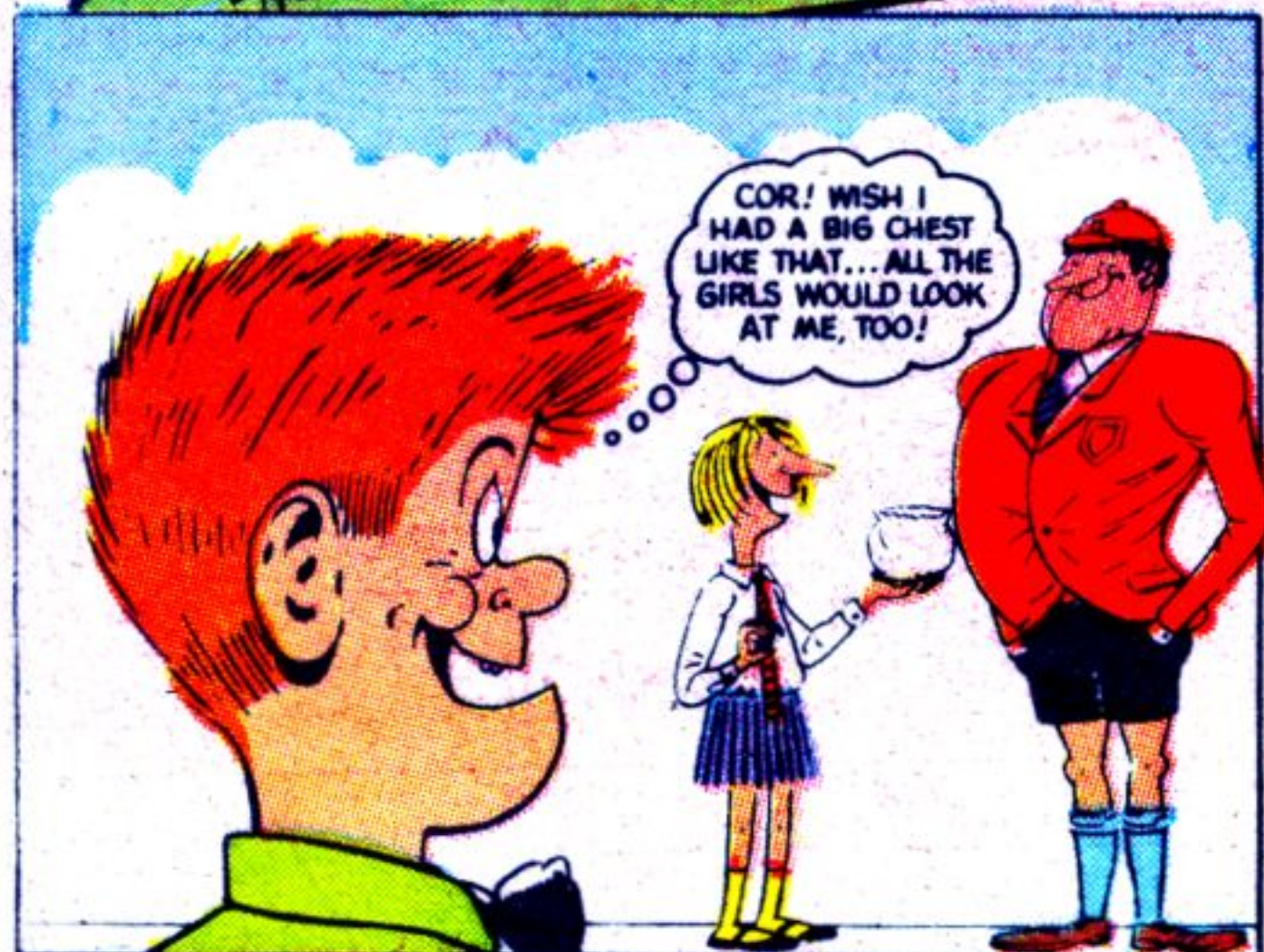
I TRACKED DOWN THOSE CAR-THIEVES FOR YOU, INSPECTOR!



A CLUMSY BOOT KICKED THE GAUNTLET OF FATE ASIDE... WHERE IT WOULD LIE IN WAIT FOR ITS NEXT FINDER...



SAM'S PUNCH PACKS PLENTY OF POWER!



WATCH SAM'S TROUSERS, READERS...